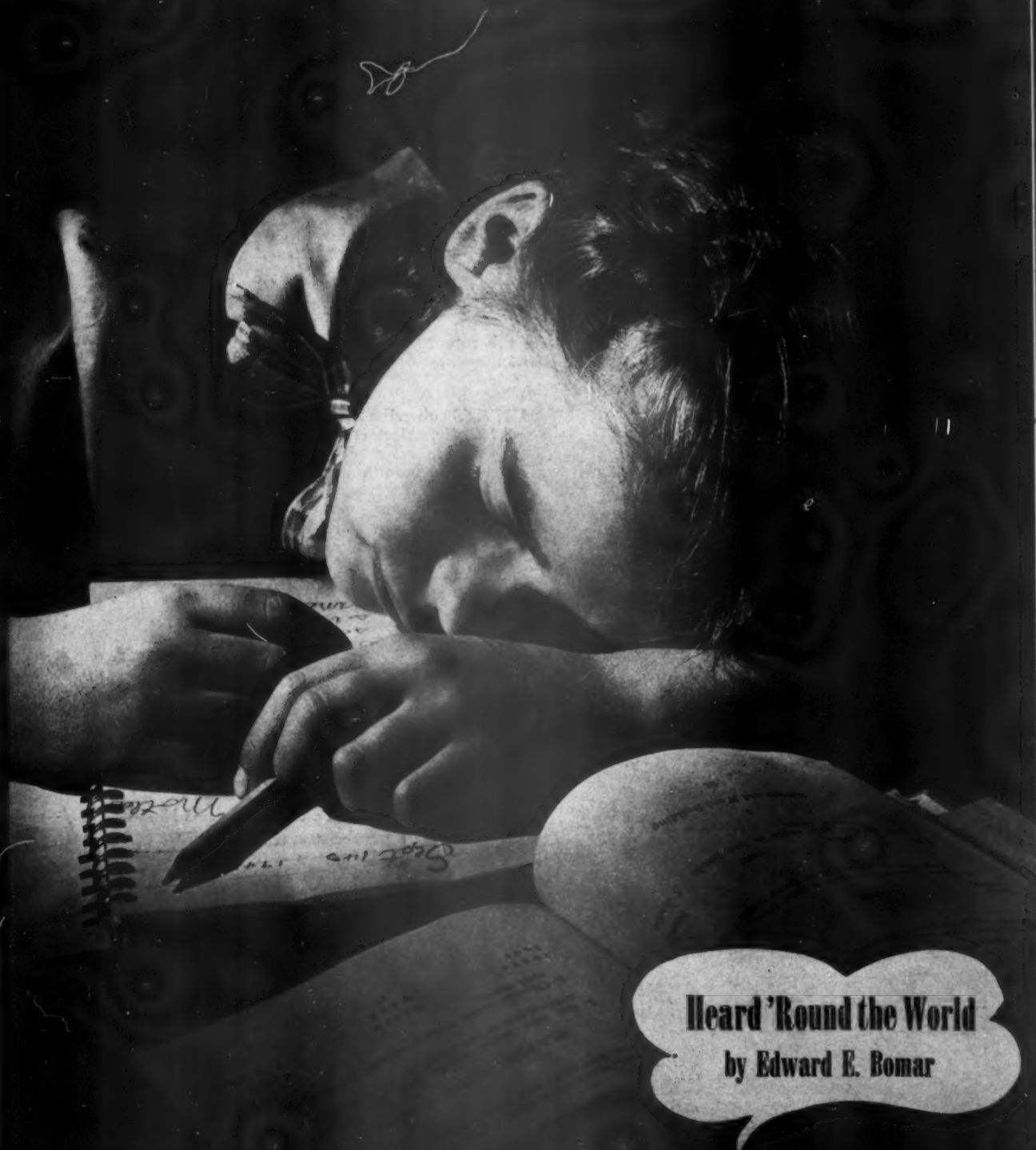




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National Catholic Magazine



Heard 'Round the World
by Edward E. Bomar

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LETTERS



Mrs. Luce

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article in the June issue "What the Cold War Really Is," by Clare Boothe Luce, is most interesting and timely.

We would appreciate hearing from Mrs. Luce every month.

M. DOLAN

Ossining, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I like THE SIGN for its liberal inclusion of subject matters which touch on our daily living in these disturbing times, and no one has given us a better idea of "What The Cold War Really Is" than Clare Boothe Luce!

SARAH A. ODHAM

St. Petersburg, Fla.

"They're Our Children"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Monsignor O'Grady's article in the June issue shocked me. Does it mean that even while we lament the outrages committed against Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishop Stepinatz, and many other European Catholics, our religion is being subtly curtailed in our own land?

Thanks to the Monsignor for bringing this to our attention.

EDNA P. MANNING

New York, N. Y.

Spanish Question

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"The Spanish Question," by A. B. Atar, in THE SIGN for June, is a classic on the question so burning in these days. Mr. Atar proves convincingly that this question has to be solved in a different way by our State Department. The thought occurred to me that you might send this article to Senator Vandenberg, an old-style public man, and request that he read it to the Congress. Many a member will open his eyes to the really detached treatment of the subject.

(REV.) JOSEPH H. WELS, S.J.
St. Marys, Kansas

"Graduating Into a Job"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I should like to express congratulations on your publishing in the June issue the article by Hal Borland entitled "Graduating Into A Job." It is all too seldom that we find our Catholic magazines giving credit to some of the fine work taking place in public schools when an attempt

is made to fit programs to the needs of all types of students and when community needs and resources are studied and utilized. Since much more of this kind of planning and procedure should be found in Catholic high schools today, we can learn a great deal from the experiences of schools which have been pioneers in the field. Hence, it is a good thing when we can read reports such as that given in THE SIGN.

SISTER MARY JANET

Washington, D. C.

"The Alien Corn"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, July, "The Alien Corn"—Amen!

EARL C. KLINGENBERGER

Benjamin Harrison Air Base, Ind.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Lucile Hasley's article in your July issue expresses the convert's dilemma perfectly. I, too, was a victim of the converts-always-know-more-about-their-religion-than born-Catholics line, which does us more harm than good. For a while I actually believed it. After four and a half years in the Church, I've discovered that such a statement is equivalent to saying that a junior seminarian could match St. Thomas Aquinas' knowledge of theology. I'm happy to see my thoughts crystallized in print.

MARY LOU POWELL

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I did so enjoy "The Alien Corn." There is a laugh in every line; two that stick in my memory are where she says she had learned to bless herself with all the careless swish of an old-timer, and where she remarks that Monsignor Sheen's converts, when he finishes with them, are all equipped for a lecture tour.

HORTENSE PRENDIVILLE

Boston, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the July issue, page 61, a convert says: "Every convert who can push a pencil around is going to break into print, sooner or later." Let us hope it will be later. At this moment converts hog the patch. You find them in diocesan papers, pamphlets, and magazines.

A convert is a person born outside the Church and by the grace of God brought into the Fold. They double-talk themselves into believing they owe God a debt and can pay it only by writing (for money) about how they got in the right pew.

M. M.

Tombstone, Arizona

Dr. Ralph Bunche

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a native Washingtonian, and the daughter of parents who "migrated" to Washington some sixty years ago from nearby southern Maryland, I feel justified in taking issue with your reference to Ralph Bunche in THE SIGN for July.

To begin with, Dr. Bunche came to Washington some years ago and deliber-

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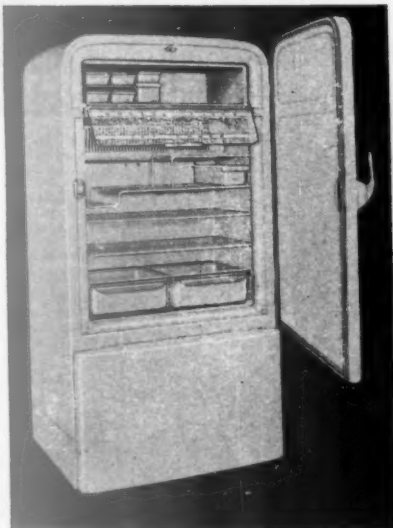
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ately settled in a white section even though he knew that segregation existed. After all, we are classified as a southern city. I know that during the past years of Democratic regime about everything was changed, but even they did not dare to move the Mason-Dixon Line! If you have ever lived in Washington you must know that property values decrease when colored people move into a section. Have you ever had the experience of working a lifetime, scrimping and saving to buy a home and get it fixed the way you want it—expecting to spend the rest of your life in it at a moderate cost—and then see it taken away (in theory, of course) by incoming colored residents. Well, we did.

MARGARET S. BRENNAN
Washington, D. C.

"Black Shoes for Confirmation"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Having the warm feeling of deepest appreciation for such a fine magazine as *THE SIGN*, I could not help feeling a bit shocked when I read "Black Shoes for Confirmation," in the June issue.

The print of the child's valiant heart was lost to me because of the "dammit" of the priest over the loss of his clean collar, the standing in line of the children for hours before services, the un-Christian attitude of some of the girls toward poor Theresa. It all throws a wrong light upon the practice of the nuns.

NINA G. REYNOLDS
Tacoma, Washington

"Sign" Policy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The editorial policy espoused in *THE SIGN* preaches New Dealism and ideas paralleling those of socialism. Witness your presentation of the case for compulsory health insurance and your statement that only "one-fifth of the people" in this country can afford the medical care they need. It would appear that your editors would do a greater service to their readers if they would point out the true facts concerning compulsory health insurance programs as they have been and are being conducted in other countries, compared with the record of accomplishment our medical profession has shown over the years under a free competitive enterprise system.

Your editorial slant is always pro-labor to the point that at times it insults a normal intelligence. The most outstanding example of it of late was your treatment of the Taft-Hartley Law. Anyone who reads and can weigh facts knows that this law has done more to emancipate the worker from abuses by union leaders than any other piece of legislation since the early days of the New Deal.

C. E. HOWE
Charles City, Iowa

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am getting pretty tired of the attitude in some Catholic papers and magazines that the businessman, owner, or investor is always wrong—always chiseling labor and labor nearly always right. I am good and tired of being lectured, admonished, and verbally kicked around because I am

a landlord and investor, while labor with its grafting, stealing time, featherbedding, and plain and fancy chiseling, merits only a mild admonition from you and some other Catholic labor apologists.

Crookedness and cheating should be called just what they are and treated with equal severity regardless of who does them.

I say advisedly "some Catholic magazines and papers" because not all by any means have followed such an unfair technique.

RICHARD H. GLENDON
Detroit, Mich.

"The Betsy Ross Myth"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

On page 42 of your June issue, there is an article, "The Betsy Ross Myth," by Art Bromirski. As he knows, you know, and I know, "The Betsy Ross Myth" subject comes up every year but it does not prove anything.

"The Betsy Ross" story by "Uncle Frank" in the Farmingdale, L. I., *Post*, is just the opposite—in general—to your article as mentioned above.

Who is right—Art Bromirski or "Uncle Frank?"

(REV.) JEREMIAH F. AHEARN, O.S.B.
Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

Editor's Note: Uncle Frank thinks that Betsy made it. Art Bromirski doubts it. The *Dictionary of American Biography*, Vol. XVI, p. 174, reads: "That making of flags was a part of her business is attested by the minutes of the Pennsylvania State Navy Board, which on May 29, 1777, ordered the payment to her of £ 14/12/2 for making ship's colours . . . Whatever her connection with the flag, it could hardly have been as important or romantic as her descendants supposed." Are we any nearer the truth?

Henry Morgan

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading Dorothy Klock's article on Henry Morgan in the July issue of *THE SIGN*, I was slightly infuriated. My opinion of this different radio comedian certainly varies from hers.

To begin with, he doesn't follow in the regular pattern of the slapstick jokers, as Miss Klock wrote. He has a certain distinction all his own that he infuses into his material.

By announcing his commercials from a negative angle, he makes them unique and unusual, and I have never noticed a great decrease in his sponsors' sales because of his way of presenting their products.

More power to Henry Morgan, the comedian who dares to be different!

MISS MARILYN MAUS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your Dorothy Klock is amusing—amazingly so. We enjoy Henry Morgan! He dares be different. Who cares about continuity? Or pay? Why doesn't she pick on Godfrey? He made \$440,000 kidding sponsors. What of his poor taste?

A FRIEND
New York, N. Y.

THE SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

SEPTEMBER 1949

VOL. 29



No. 2

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EDITOR'S PAGE

The "Whitewash" Paper

THE State Department's recent White Paper on China should really be called the "Whitewash" Paper. It is the Department's one-sided defense of its bankrupt Far Eastern policy. By no stretch of the imagination could it be called an objective appraisal of the situation. It is the special pleading of a lawyer who is himself implicated in the crime. It is a catalogue of failures for each of which an alibi is provided.

Here are just a few of the more important alibis:

1) We were justified in selling China down the river at Yalta in order to secure Russia's help against Japan. The fact is that it was a tragic and vicious betrayal. In any case, Japan had withdrawn most of her Kwantung Army from Manchuria and our intelligence service should have known it. We didn't need Russian help to defeat a non-existent army. Furthermore, we dropped an atom bomb on Hiroshima only six months after Yalta, so the atom bomb must have been pretty much of a reality even then.

2) The only alternative left us was to work for a modus vivendi between the Nationalists and the Communists. In other words, Dean Acheson still thinks that we were doing right when we tried to force the Nationalists to accept the Communists as partners in government. And this after the tragic experience of the coalition governments of Eastern Europe! The Nationalists knew then that the Chinese Communists were part of the international Communist conspiracy and that it was impossible to make any deal with them. Our State Department doesn't seem to know it even now.

3) Nothing could be done because neither side wanted peace. We Americans wanted peace from 1941 to 1945 — but we didn't want it at any cost. What we asked of the Nationalists was the suicidal cost of submission to Communist terms. Can we blame them for their refusal to surrender?

4) We gave billions of dollars in aid to the Nationalist government, but our help was of little avail because of the corruption and inefficiency of Chiang Kai-shek's regime. This is the biggest of all the alibis — in spite of the fact that it is true.

There is no question that there was inefficiency

and corruption in Chiang's regime. But that was not an insuperable obstacle. General Wedemeyer — who reported the inefficiency and corruption — also recommended "that China accept American advisers as responsible representatives of the U. S. Government in specified military and economic fields to assist China in utilizing U. S. aid in the manner for which it is intended." Chiang consented to accept such advisers and agreed to fulfill all the conditions demanded. His offer was never accepted. Was this his fault? Or could it have been the fault of the professional diplomats — still in the State Department — who were accused by General Hurley of giving constant aid and comfort to the Chinese Communists?

5) "The second objective, of assisting the National Government, however, we pursued vigorously from 1945 to 1949." Perhaps it is wrong to list this as an alibi. It is worse. It is a misstatement of fact.

WE CAN imagine the smile of satisfaction on the faces of Mao Tse-Tung and his boss Stalin as they read the White Paper. They must have laughed outright when they read Acheson's threat of United Nations' action if the Chinese Communists attempt external aggression. It is really incredible that anyone — even in the State Department — should think that the Reds regard the U.N. as anything more than a cover behind which they can safely push their aggressive and imperialist schemes.

The White Paper holds out little hope for the future — little indication that we have reached the end of an era and are charting a new course. Perhaps something constructive will come from the advisory committee appointed recently to make a review of our Far East policy. For the peace of the world we hope so.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Two German schoolgirls from Berlin visit with President Truman in Washington. A firsthand knowledge of the United States is the best advertisement for democracy.



Harris & Ewing

Palmiro Togliatti, leader of Italian Communists. Papal excommunication has struck his party a severe blow. His followers will have to choose between Christ and Stalin.

THE tart, but tremendous, controversy over federal aid to education will flare anew, no doubt, in the next session of Congress. In the meantime, it would be most unfortunate if

The Separation of Church and State

the issue rested in the public mind as being one of preserving or tearing down what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard has termed "the traditional American belief in the separation of church and state."

In the secular press, both in editorial and in letters columns, the consensus of misinformation seems to be that Catholics in seeking to share in federal funds for parochial school children are at the same time seeking financial support for Catholicism. If this were so, there would obviously be a breaking down of the "wall of separation." If this were so, the opposition should be encouraged.

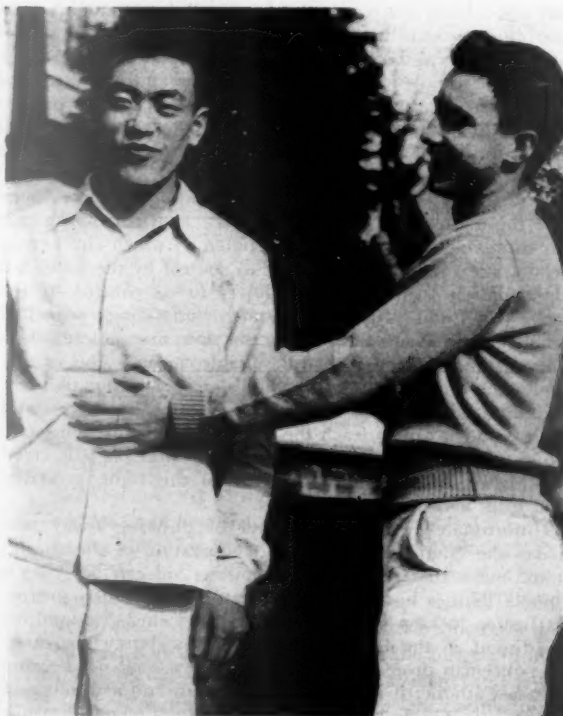
As a matter of fact, it is not so. Tax money is not sought for Catholics who happen to be citizens. It is requested for citizens of school age who happen to be Catholics. It is not asked in order to teach citizens the Catholic religion. It is asked in order to teach Catholics what the state demands to be taught to all its citizens of school age. Parochial schools are not schools wherein nothing but religion is taught. They too must measure up to the rigid educational regulations of state and local boards. Under compulsory education laws, parochial schools must obey the civil law and in this regard are subject to the state. If the burden on Catholic parents in fulfilling the civil law is eased by the grant of federal funds, it is difficult to see how this would constitute the support of an established church.

Mr. Justice Alexander of the Mississippi Supreme Court put the matter very clearly in *Chance v. Mississippi*, a case on supplying textbooks. "The religion to which children of school age adhere is not subject to control by the state; but the children themselves are subject to its control. If the pupil may fulfill its duty to the state by attending a parochial school, it is difficult to see why the state may not fulfill its duty by encouraging it 'by all suitable means.' The state is under the duty to ignore the child's creed, but not its need. It cannot control what one child may think but it can and must do all it can to teach the child how to think. The state which allows the pupil to subscribe to any religious creed should not, because of the exercise of this right, proscribe him from benefits common to all."

Unfortunately, there is a trend of thinking today that makes the "traditional doctrine of separation of church and state" mean that not even any indirect aid can be given a church. This is historically inaccurate and currently untrue. As Justice Jackson pointed out, without seeing the point, in his dissent in the *Everson* case (the New Jersey bus case): "A policeman protects a Catholic, of course—but not because he is a Catholic; it is because he is a man and a member of our society. The fireman protects the church school—but not because it is a church school; it is because it is property, part of the assets of our society. Neither the fireman nor the



Harris & Ewing
Secretary of State Dean Acheson finds Greenland on the map. Too bad he seems unable to find China, spearhead of the Communist drive to control the entire Far East.



Acme
The first Nisei ever appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis is coached in posture. He spent the war in a relocation center. The appointment signifies progress.

policeman has to ask before he renders aid: 'Is that man or building identified with the Catholic Church?' " If the indirect aid of transportation, school lunches, and nonreligious textbooks infringes upon the principle of separation of church and state, then the indirect help of police and fire protection also do. And even more, tax exemption on religious property. But if none of these destroy the principle of separation, it is hard for Catholics to see how the principle is violated if the government gives educational aid to children in Catholic schools, not because the children are Catholic, but because they are members of our society.

For much too long a time now, this shibboleth of separation has been used by persons who should, and we firmly believe do, know better. It is used as a blind to lead astray the upright American who knows little of constitutional history, who knows only that what is American he wants to keep American.

The First Amendment of the United States Constitution reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." As any educated person knows, this meant precisely that Congress could not legally set up a formal union of any church with the federal government so that church would be the one exclusively preferred over all others.

When, out of federal tax money that Catholics also pay, some small return made toward helping them to carry the burden of training their children in citizenship in private schools constitutes the establishment of their religion in formal union with the Government of the United States, then Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard, Paul Blanchard, Eleanor Roosevelt, former Governor Lehman, and the American Civil Liberties Union would do well to howl. But until then, the noise they make sounds intellectually dishonest.

IN the United States it is a well-known fact that there are and have been certain politicians, labor leaders, and members of the so-called liberal intelligentsia who are Catholics and yet at the same time have spent might and main in promoting Communist objectives.

Red Catholics in America

They may never have publicly professed membership in the Communist Party, but for all practical purposes, they might just as well have. For they have gloried in furthering the Red cause—feeling some sort of mystical liberation from reaction, rejoicing in being "progressive," maintaining faith and morals are one thing, the Leftist program for economic man quite another. They have written for Leftist publications, they have headed Communist unions, they have run on "Progressive" tickets for public office. And at the same time, they have listed themselves as Catholics.

It would not be unthinkable if these misguided Catholics were to interpret the recent decree of the Holy Office as being directed solely toward European Catholics, as though it were merely another step in the battle with Continental Communism. The fact of the matter is that any American Catholic who publishes, disseminates, or even reads newspapers, magazines, or leaflets that support Communist doctrine; any American Catholic who writes even so much as a sports column for such periodicals; any American Catholic who merely shows favor to the Communist Party may not be admitted to the Sacraments. And if any American Catholic, even secretly, professes Communism or defends and spreads its doctrine, he by that very fact automatically incurs excommunication which is specially reserved to the Holy See as regards its removal. He is an apostate from the Catholic Faith, no matter how much he may pretend Communism is not a matter of faith or morals, but only of economics or sociology.

Despite newspaper accounts that the excommunication

may not be enforced in this country or that, any Catholic knows that automatic excommunication does not have to be enforced by anybody. It immediately strikes the individual and needs no benefit of clergy to be incurred. No bishop, no priest need speak a word to make the excommunication effective. Let American Catholics who defend and spread Communism remember this.

As for those Catholics who read the *Daily Worker* or any of the more subtly Communist organs of news and opinion, let them ponder what it means to be denied access to the Sacraments. Above all, let those Catholic leaders in Communist unions stand up and be counted. It all boils down to a choice—a choice between Christ's fellowship or Stalin's followership. And Christ's fellowship does not tolerate even so much as the showing of favor to the tenets of Stalin's followership. After all, Christ Himself said: "He who is not with Me is against Me."

EX-GOVENOR Lehman of New York was utterly and emphatically right in a statement which he made in the recent Cardinal Spellman-Eleanor Roosevelt controversy. He said that every responsible citizen is entitled to express his opinion. We can only say "yes" to that, and accord it prolonged applause. Every

responsible citizen is entitled to express his opinion. But the real question was: Does Mrs. Roosevelt qualify under that principle? Her physical energy is stretched over so much geography, and her brain power is scattered over so many highly specialized interests that, at least occasionally, her opinions may be suspected as to their responsibility.

For instance, in the course of one week recently, Mrs. Roosevelt discussed in her *World-Telegram* column a new book, immigrants, the recommissioned French liner, "Ile de France," the opening of a movie house in Hyde Park, the weather, the new commission for reviewing Far East policy, Soviet propaganda, Vassar College Summer Institute, and General Marshall.

No thinking person would accord these compositions the dignity of opinions. They were the merest chatter: "I have found a book deeply interesting." "More doctors are alert today to the signs that point to the possibility of a child's having polio." "I am so glad that the 'Ile de France' received a gala welcome in New York." Very uninspired, chatty, a parroting of safe public opinion, nothing controversial.

If Mrs. Roosevelt or Governor Lehman choose to call this innocuous patter "opinion," then Mrs. Roosevelt is certainly entitled to the expression of it. But suppose she came out with something not so innocuous. Suppose she said that mothers should be desperately worried about polio, because doctors are away off the beam in their treatment of it. How about that opinion? Should we concede that she is entitled to the expression of it? Or suppose that she called it a disaster that the "Ile de France" was welcomed in New York, and that France is recovering her economic balance. Should France take that lying down? Is Mrs. Roosevelt or any other columnist privileged to make reckless statements which can damage the rights or credit of others?

This was the Cardinal's contention in the school question. The question touches basic constitutional rights and involves billions of dollars of heroic investment on the part of a lower income group of the public. Mrs. Roosevelt does not know enough about it to commit herself to a casual opinion of it in her column.

The law forbids Mrs. Roosevelt to offer legal opinion as an attorney, because she has not sufficient legal knowledge and clients would not be fairly served. The state would not license her to give medical opinion, because she might injure someone's health. No one considers the state intemperate or



Figures indicate the military manpower available in the Atlantic Pact countries of Europe. For our own sakes, we should help rearm these nations—and Spain as well.



All transportation in Spain is not quite as primitive as that pictured above, but it is bad enough that it could well prove a handicap to us in case of war with Russia.



Spain has suffered severely from drought in recent years. Irrigation methods are hopelessly inadequate. Christian love of one's neighbor suggests that we give them help.



Harris & Ewing

Joint chiefs of staff in a huddle over help to the Atlantic Pact countries. Help means taxation but it will provide us with valuable insurance against a future war.



Harris & Ewing

Former Supreme Court Justice Roberts and Senator Kefauver sponsor a world federation of nations. At least the free peoples of the world should unite in self defense.



International

At a meeting in Germany, the sign reads: "We demand immediate release of all German prisoners of war." Reds have held them as slave laborers for more than four years.

unjust for prohibiting the expression of that sort of opinion. But apparently the ex-Governor of New York thinks that she should be permitted to specify just how much public benefit American Catholics, under the Constitution, should be made to pay for and not get. And he seems to think that the Cardinal is out of order in protesting.

To be bigoted is simply to be unfair. And it is surely unfair to be willing to disfranchise a fifth of the American people of their basic rights on the strength of a guess.

Certainly, every responsible person has the right to express his opinion. But that leaves us exactly where the Cardinal started when he accused Mrs. Roosevelt of being bigoted.

We cast this backward glance at the controversy before it fades from sight, because the lesson of it applies to others than Eleanor Roosevelt. The greater number of people who fired shots of opinion, at that time, displayed the same alarming irresponsibility.

Freedom of speech is one of the key principles of our democracy. But it is a crime against democracy to interpret the right to speak as a right to talk out of turn or a right to talk through one's hat.

AMERICAN BUSINESS is being squeezed out of Red China by the Communists. While our mind rightly indents this expulsion as a misfortune, our sentiment urges us to jump up and yell "Hurrah." Because this same business, having prospered under the Nationalists, sneaked up and stabbed them in the back

when it became evident that the Communists were going to capture Shanghai. While Communist General Chen Yi turned the heat on the Nationalist defenders of Shanghai, American businessmen in China began to turn the heat on our State Department to have the Communists recognized as the official Chinese government.

They were perfectly willing to do business with the Communists, and quite sure they could do it satisfactorily. They were glad to be rid of Nationalist ineptness and corruption. In fact, they were anything that would charm the Moscow-attuned ears of Mao Tse-tung, China's Red boss.

But that is all finished, it seems. They have discovered that a Communist coolie is much more likely to heave a brick through an American store window or lower a length of gaspipe onto a prosperous looking American skull than the more inept Nationalist coolie. And the Communist cop is much more likely to shrug blandly over the matter than the corrupt fellow he supplanted.

Ironically, the businessman cannot just fire his employees, pick up his marbles, and get out. He must have authorization from the local government before he can shut down. He may have to shovel out all his funds in severance pay to ex-workers. And if he has to move fast at the end, he cannot count on racing to safety up the gangplank of an American ship. The Nationalist blockade has made transportation out of China a very precarious affair.

So the American businessman is sadly reconciling himself to the prospect of writing off 200,000,000 dollars worth of investments, and getting out as gracefully as possible.

If he is one of the group that have been ogling the Reds, then good riddance to him. China is fortunate to lose him, and America is to be pitied for having him back. With no rational expectation that a Red China would be anything but a critical safety hazard to America, he has aligned himself with the promoters of a Red China.

How about establishing a Hall of Fame in reverse, and nominating to it these businessmen who played up to the Reds, were smacked down by them, and are now ready to be spewed back onto America?

The Voice Heard 'Round the World

America sends its message around the world. But the Soviet blocks it from Russia by means of an electronic Iron Curtain

by **EDWARD E. BOMAR**

THE United States and the West appear to have Communism on the defensive in the cold war generally, but on one major front they are being forced to give ground at the moment. This is east of the Iron Curtain. There, where the Church is carrying on its struggle for religious freedom, the fight for freedom of information and ideas has turned into a grim battle against heavy odds.

Using methods made familiar by Adolf Hitler and Joseph Goebbels in Nazi Germany and by Benito Mussolini in Fascist Italy, the Kremlin is trying to seal off the whole Communist empire from outside influences while waging a propaganda offensive in every part of the globe. And the effort is making disturbing progress.

Within Russia itself, an intensive radio-jamming campaign like those of World War II is severing almost the last remaining direct link of the Soviet people with the Western world. For weeks, by State Department estimates, probably no more than one-fourth of the short-wave broadcasts of the "Voice of America" and of the British Broadcasting Corporation have been intelligible to Russian listeners, even though they have been bombarded twenty-four hours a day. Made-in-Moscow squeals and howls drown them out.

In the Eastern European satellite countries, restrictions on American news, films, and publications are being tightened steadily. The prospect is raised in one official report to Congress that the time may come when in the Soviet bloc states there will remain only a chance to keep our flag flying as a mere gesture.

Now Communist China is closing down the handful of United States official agencies which have tried to keep the Chinese informed on the American way of life and our purposes in the Orient. The private channels of news from the Western world were shut off earlier.



Tatiana Hecker tells the Russian people what really happens in the United States

Station announcer and news commentator broadcast to China in Mandarin

— DEPT. OF STATE PHOTOS

Meanwhile Russia's 180 million people and the 80 million in the European satellite nations are being subjected to forcible feeding of propaganda. The theme, with infinite variations, is nearly always the same—led by America, the vicious, warmongering capitalist world is preparing war against the democratic, peace-loving peoples of Soviet Russia and their allies. So the "progressive" peoples had better stick together and take orders from Moscow without question. Communist China is beginning to get the same treatment.

If the West has an answer short of war, it is to block the scheme and to keep the Iron Curtain from drawing tight. If we can convince the Soviet world that the Kremlin thesis is false, that we, like the Russian masses, are peace loving, that we would like to help by peaceable means to free them from

tyranny, then their masters could never lead them into war with us.

This is where the State Department and its colorful agency, the "Voice of America," comes into the picture. It is hitting back via short-wave radio in a score of languages and hitting back effectively within the limit of its resources.

The Voice is officially the "radio medium employed to implement United States foreign policy by reflecting a true picture of American life, culture, and aims in the minds of listeners abroad." It took over the task when the Office of War Information wound up its wartime mission after V-J Day.

Before Pearl Harbor, news and views about America were private rather than governmental responsibilities. Such world-wide agencies as the Associated Press, the newspapers, magazines, and

motion pictures formed the picture of America in the minds of peoples abroad. They still do, but Congress has decided that to meet the demands of the cold war they should be reinforced by a government agency.

The State Department is in charge. As part of the effort to promote better understanding of American aims, its Office of International Information makes use also of daily news bulletins, photographs, posters, and films. At the same time, the exchange of students and professional people with foreign countries is being vigorously encouraged. But it is recognized that radio is the fastest and most effective day-by-day medium under present conditions for influencing the minds of men abroad. By this means, it is possible to speak directly to the people of other countries, to surmount regularly and instantaneously all barriers of distance, censorship, illiteracy, foreign exchange, paper shortages, cartels, or tariffs.

From the Voice studios in New York City, listeners in virtually every corner of the globe are bombarded literally around the clock, with the Iron Curtain area and Europe generally the principal target. Of the present daily total of twenty-five hours of overseas programs, more than sixteen are devoted to broadcasts in Russian and the other principal tongues of Europe. Others go to Latin America, the Far East, and the Middle East.

In Europe, programs are beamed in appropriate tongues to Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Rumania, the Soviet Union, Spain, and Yugoslavia. To Latin America the broadcasts go to all countries, in Spanish, Portuguese, and English. In the Far East, China, Korea, and Russia's eastern Siberia hear the broadcasts. In the Middle East there is currently only a broadcast to Iran.

It is solid stuff, with only a sixth of the time on the average devoted to music. Naturally there are none of the "commercials" so familiar to American domestic listeners. A third of all programs currently is devoted to news and 51 per cent to commentaries on current events and on features. One of the latter is devoted to answers to the questions which pour into Voice headquarters from overseas.

Thirty-six short-wave transmitters in the United States, which are actually operated by private concerns, are the principal physical means for flashing the programs abroad. There also are



Employees sorting mail from overseas listeners to the "Voice"

government-owned and controlled relays in Honolulu and Manila. These are reinforced by relay arrangements with the BBC in Britain and by others with domestic broadcast systems in several other countries.

Not all the American official news and other material are sent directly from New York. Programs transcribed on records are supplied to radio stations in friendly countries, and these have proven to be particularly effective.

The State Department shies away from the term propaganda and is not fighting the devil with fire by using the Moscow radio's weapon of vituperation. But, since General George C. Marshall gave the order when he was Secretary of State, the Voice has been meeting Communist distortions head on and quickly, and lashing back.

Moscow's recent chant that the West is on the brink of economic collapse, for example, has received a plain-spoken rebuttal in repeated commentaries. One such, a July week-end discussion by Lowell Clausus, told Russian and other foreign listeners that crises in the Soviet Union are actually more severe than those of capitalism, and that the whole Communist dogma of capitalist weaknesses is a political "will-o'-the-wisp." Another commentary at this time, by Hal Courlander, took apart piece by piece a demand for unification of Korea made by the Soviet-backed North Korea regime. "Unification, in Communist terms, simply means Communist control and direction of the entire state," he said.

In carrying out its tremendous job, the State Department has had to take criticism for some slips. Editorial supervision has tightened since some Congressmen roared in protest over a series

of broadcasts to Latin America which portrayed the seamy side of conditions in their home states. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen of Catholic University has recommended that American propaganda to Russia shift its emphasis to more idealistic grounds. His contention, which has been given serious official consideration, is that the Russians are not impressed by American economic well-being and that the one thing the Western world has in common with them is soul and not prosperity.

How effective are the Voice and the other measures? The radio programs are beamed to areas having a potential audience of 295,000,000. There is no Hooper rating system to gauge how many actually tune in. But surveys, letters from listeners at the rate of fifteen thousand a month, efforts by the hostile radio and press to discredit the broadcasts, reports from American official missions abroad, correspondents, and travelers, all provide convincing evidence that the Voice has a huge and intensely interested audience.

The 1948 Act of Congress which put the whole operation on a permanent legislative basis set up a United States Advisory Commission on Information to keep tab on the Government's information enterprise. The commission's most recent conclusion is that the program is effective "as far as it goes" but is not adequate. The four-man group, headed by Erwin Canham, Boston newspaper publisher and member of the United States delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, said Congress and the Administration should give it greater emphasis and backing.

"It is in the information field that we meet the rival forces head on," the

EDWARD EARL BOMAR is a member of the Washington staff of the Associated Press.

commission said. "The Soviet Union, for example, places by all odds its heaviest reliance on 'propaganda'—spending enormous sums and using its best and most imaginative brains."

"A budget which contemplates fifteen billion dollars for military, five billion dollars for economic, and only thirty-six million dollars for information and educational services, does not provide an effective tool for cleaning out the Augean stables of international confusion and misunderstanding," the commission added.

To try to find out how effective are the Voice and the other agencies, the commission sent Mark A. May of Yale University, one of its members, on a two-month survey in Europe. Partly on the basis of his findings, the commission advised positively: "Behind the Iron Curtain the Voice of America is getting through to the people who have access to radio sets and to many more by word of mouth."

In Russia, the commission declared, the Voice is reaching millions, and the illustrated magazine *Amerika*, published in the Russian language by the State Department, circulates far beyond the distribution of fifty thousand copies the Soviet Government permits. This conclusion in regard to the Voice, however, was reached before Moscow opened up its campaign to drown out the "lying" American radio. Presumably the reported millions of listeners have been sadly reduced in number.

IN the satellite countries there seems little doubt that listeners are numerous and eager. The commission advised that a tenth or more of the population of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other countries were Voice listeners or received information from it second-hand. May, the director of Yale's Institute of Human Relations, declared:

"Behind the Iron Curtain, the Voice of America is bringing information to a more representative cross-section of the populations than in most free countries of Europe. The Voice is reaching audiences that exceed the number of radio sets. In Poland, where there are less than a million sets, the Voice reaches at least two and one-half million people.

"Although the sets are owned mainly by the upper and middle classes who can afford them, yet important news spreads rapidly to an entire community. The Voice is greatly appreciated not only because it brings in reliable news but because it brings hope and encouragement to freedom-loving people."

There is no doubt whatever that the Voice has got under Moscow's skin, and painfully. General Walter Bedell Smith told a Congressional committee when he was still Ambassador that Moscow

quickly heard all about it when Madame Oksana S. Kosenkina leaped from the Soviet consulate in New York City rather than return to Russia, even though the Soviet press and radio were suppressing the whole incident at the time. It was this sort of evidence of effectiveness which prompted Moscow first to try to discredit the American official radio by attacks and distortions, then to interfere with the reception of the broadcasts both in European Russia and in Siberia, and finally to launch a fantastic jamming campaign to prevent Soviet listeners from hearing either the Voice or the BBC.

Moscow might simply prohibit all Soviet citizens from listening to foreign broadcasts on pain of death, as Hitler did when the invasion of Poland started in 1939, but has not considered this advisable as yet.

The jamming campaign started late

• One of the greatest labor-saving devices of today is tomorrow.

—IRISH DIGEST

in April, just when the Soviet Government was agreeing to lift the Berlin blockade. This was only a coincidence, in the judgment of George V. Allen, the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, who heads the Voice and related operations. He said that, along with other evidence, the fact that Russia diverted no fewer than two hundred transmitting stations for the purpose and has kept up the campaign relentlessly, shows it was a deliberate and long-planned effort to black out completely contact with the West.

The American and British response was to join forces and use their combined resources to try to break through. They started broadcasting around the clock, and have used more than a hundred transmitters of their own at one time in an attempt to overcome the interference by sheer power. But after six weeks Allen had to acknowledge that probably no more than 25 or 30 per cent of the programs were any longer intelligible to Russian listeners.

The Russians paid a price by tying up their own facilities, and they interfered with their own broadcasts by stirring up chaos in the ether. American government monitors noted, for instance, that Moscow had to curtail the flow of Soviet propaganda to Latin America.

The United States filed a protest with the International Telecommunications Union at Geneva that by its actions Russia was flouting agreements it signed to stick to assigned radio channels. Moscow did not deign to reply.

The United States and Britain might, of course, retaliate with some counter-jamming of Russia's broadcasts. This might be particularly telling, as Moscow relies heavily on the short-wave radio to reach the ears of an estimated five million owners of short-wave sets within the Soviet Union. Allen said the State Department has been most reluctant even to consider such a countermeasure, which he said would be "self-defeating." "What we are after is to spread information," he said.

As Allen noted, the Kremlin by its action confessed to its own people that it is withholding information, and they know that. But Moscow succeeded in its main purpose of sealing off the Russians more than ever from the West.

Broadcasts to the other Soviet bloc countries have escaped direct interference thus far. For physical reasons the Eastern European satellites may find it impossible to follow Russia's example. Otherwise, behind the Iron Curtain the prospects for coping with the spread of Communist propaganda appear less than optimistic just now. The advisory commission told Congress:

"As Russia gradually tightens her grasp on the satellite countries, USIS (United States Information Service) operations may become increasingly handicapped. . . . But even if the time should come when attendance at our libraries is absolutely forbidden, when our movies are completely banned, our daily bulletin and other press materials confiscated, we should nevertheless keep our doors open and our flag flying."

TO meet the challenge, the Voice is being strengthened. Congress is giving more substantial backing, with a \$6,000,000 increase for the next year in appropriations for the entire information program. Of the prospective \$34,000,000 total, about \$8,500,000 is earmarked specifically for the radio operation instead of last year's \$7,000,000. On the recommendation of the advisory commission and of the Hoover commission for reorganization of the executive agencies of the Government, the direction of the Voice is being tied in more closely with the policy-making sections of the State Department. Foy Kohler, embassy counselor at Moscow and an expert on relations with Russia, is being brought back to head the International Broadcasting Division. Programs in additional languages are being shaped up, to reach world areas such as the Middle East which are now neglected. And more powerful transmitting equipment and other means are being considered to break through the screen of Russian interference. Officials say they are determined that Moscow shall not get away with it.



Flamingos

by JERRY B. EBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

One dismal day love worked a miracle, and the glory of a sunset shone in a child's sightless eyes

WE'VE come to see the sunset," the old man said.

The stranger, making room on the cliff-top bench by moving to one end, glanced at him sharply. But he could see no hint of a smile on his profile. The old man was joking, of course, the stranger thought, for today was a misty day, dawn-lingering, one of those still, hazy days when the gray sky and the gray Pacific seemed in a kind of hushed communion, like two old crones hatching plots of hurricanes.

Before he could speak, the old man went on. "This is Jo-Ann, my granddaughter, and my first officer. Every day when the weather is fit we come here to see the sunset and to see the 'Princess' pass." He half-turned his face. "My granddaughter is blind," he said. "But we manage." He raised his rumbling voice. "I say we manage, Mister."

The stranger parted his lips to speak but was cut off. "Aye, Captain, sir," said the little girl who had perched herself on the other end of the bench, "we manage very well, sir."

The stranger leaned forward so that he could see past the old man and looked at her. She was about nine or ten, he judged, tall, slender, thin arms and legs; thin hair that hung down below her narrow shoulders in two braids; characterless, adolescent hair, neither blonde nor brunette. Her face lacked life—it was like a tinted photograph. Her eyes were large and dark and lifeless too. They reminded him of two brown agates he had owned when he was small—brown agates that would have been transparent had they not had in their depths little smoky clouds.

The Captain's deep voice interrupted his thoughts. "It is red today, Mister,

the sky," the Captain said. "Red like a flight of flamingos, like many flights of flamingos rising from below the edge of the sea beyond the Island. They sweep clear across the sky from southwest to northeast. To the southward and to the west the sky is banded in crimson and yellow and violet—a little orange, too, maybe, and off up the gulf to the north there are storm clouds masking Vancouver Island. It's purple and gray in that direction, Mister. Squalls there, Mister, and rain, and danger too, I don't doubt."

The stranger bent forward and stole another glance at Jo-Ann. Her face was transformed. Gone was the inanimate picture. Even the dark eyes seemed suddenly to have dropped their smoky masks. Her chin was high, her face uplifted. It was fresh, glowing, eager. She seemed to be reaching out toward the celestial wonders the old man had described.

"Tell me more, Captain, sir," she said. "The flamingos—I love the sky when it is red. It is so bright and clear and close to me . . . Is it changing, Captain, sir? Do the colors grow dim, then bright? Do they come and go and change? Do they, Captain, sir?"

"Aye," said the Captain. "They change. Always they change. Sometimes they're like great ships that sail in line, their canvas taut with red sunglow. They charge up into fire-tipped waves, and they spill the red wind from their sails. Then they sail close-hauled through a sea of shimmering gold. Back they swing on another beat, and in a red flash they disappear. The great ships become flamingos again — great bands of them like long red ribbons in a gale o' wind. Now the closest flight has

lost some of its crimson glow. It is changing to pink and orange, but further back, closer to the sun, there is a new flight of red — beautiful flaming red." He paused, and with his left hand stroked the long head of a black and white collie, that he held on a leash, nudged against his palm. "It is a wonderful sunset, Mister," he added. "I've never seen a prettier one."

Jo-Ann seemed to be drinking in the beauty the Captain had drawn there before her sightless eyes. Her face seemed to glow as though, in some strange fashion, it was the target of some unseen ray of light that drifted in from the gray sky and the misty sea.

"And do the reds and the yellows and the violets color the sea too, Captain, sir, today?" the girl asked. Her voice was high-pitched, strained; holding, the stranger thought, a hint of fear—fear perhaps that the sea might just possibly refuse to co-operate with its celestial partner, or perhaps that the colors the Captain described might fade away before he could see their reflections.

But reassurance came at once. "Aye, they do, Mister," said the Captain. "All the great squadrons of painted ships are reflected in the sea. True they are, in all their colors. Not ships or flamingos there, of course, Mister, perhaps red-fish and gold-fish and rainbow-fish. But it's all there faithful. Whether I look up or down it's just the same. And furthermore," he added, "the 'Princess' is due to pass the headland soon."

Jo-Ann drew in her breath sharply. "Oh, the 'Princess'!" she said. The stranger felt a note of dismay in her voice. "Watching the flamingos I had forgotten the 'Princess'! Is she close, Captain, sir? Will she speak to us today

as she did before?" She clasped her hands tight in her new excitement, her complete attention focused on the gray sea to the westward.

The old man answered the "Princess" was getting close, and he assured her that the ship would speak. From a pocket of his vest he took a huge gold watch. But he did not look at it. He held it in his hand, and the stranger heard a tinkling bell strike five times, pause, then twice more. The stranger checked with his own watch. It was ten minutes past five. The Captain's old timepiece was accurate to the minute.

The Captain half-turned his face toward the stranger, and for the second time spoke to him. Some men, the stranger thought, would have made some apology, even if it were only a gesture, at showing such an utter lack of veracity about the sunset, but before the Captain parted his lips he knew there would be no apology, no explanation. The Captain was a very old man, long past the allotted span of three score years and ten.

"Would you say, sir," he said, "that yonder ship crossing the gulf is the 'Princess Kathleen'?" The stranger caught a hint of anxiety in his voice. He had been watching the white steamer for several minutes. She was a fast craft and carried a high white bone in her teeth. "Yes, that's her," he said. "She is a beautiful ship. She'll be

passing the head in a few minutes."

"Aye, that she is, sir, indeed," the Captain said. "Tall and white, she is. She has just returned to the gulf run, sir, and she's all decked out in her happy clothes. She's a lucky ship, is the 'Princess'." The Captain paused, but Jo-Ann urged him on.

"Tell more about the 'Princess,' Captain, sir," she said. "Can you see her plain, and are her people on her decks?"

"Aye, she's clear enough," said the Captain. "And she's overhauling us fast. She'll speak to us soon."

Again he half-turned his face toward the stranger. "She doesn't look much like a troopship now, does she?" he asked. "But she was. Five years of war service, she had. Mostly, she served in the narrow seas. She was painted gray then, like the mist of the sea, and, instead of her pretty deck awning forward, she carried two gray guns. She's a great lady, is the 'Princess'."

"Captain, sir, hush, if you please. The 'Princess' will speak to us now."

The old man turned his face again to the sea, and, save for the wash of the surf, there was silence.

The white ship rushed nearer. She would pass the headland of the high cliffs about a mile to seaward. Soon the stranger could hear the chuckle and hiss of the water against her hull. Then a white plume burst forth high up on

her stack. The Captain was watching her intently, and the stranger felt puzzled that he made no comment. About half a dozen seconds later, the hoarse blast of her siren reached the cliff top. Instantly the Captain stood up and waved his cap.

"That was Tom Bedford's signal," he said. "Captain Tom Bedford is master of the 'Princess.' My friend, he is. He blows us a signal every day at this time when he passes—a signal to me and my first officer."

Jo-Ann was smiling. She laughed, and her voice held in the joy of a silver bell. She was standing too, one of her hands clasped in the gnarled right hand of the Captain. The old man put on his cap, but he failed to balance it properly, for it fell to the ground and rolled away from the bench. The collie barked sharply and pulled at his leash. The stranger retrieved the cap and handed it to its owner. For the first time he looked directly into the Captain's face. The Captain's eyes, like Jo-Ann's, were smoky, opaque. A tense, worried expression flashed on the old man's face. He raised his hand holding the leash and with a bony index finger he tapped his eyes, then his lips, and he shook his gray head.

The Captain, too, was blind.

The old man assured her that the ship would speak





*Catholics pray in relays,
all day and all night*

Religious News Service

Catholics Under Communist Yoke

The Reds have learned that a live Church is better than a dead one, provided it is a slave. Their new policy is simply to enslave it

by N. S. TIMASHEFF

CATHOLICS under the Communist yoke. A terrible vision indeed! Unfortunately, it is no longer a nightmare, but actuality.

Ever since the ascent of the Communists to power in Russia (1917), there has been hostility between the Vatican and the Kremlin. The Vatican denounced the militant atheism of the Communists; the Communists retaliated by calling the Vatican the world center of reaction and obscurantism. But within the boundaries of the Soviet Union as they were traced from 1921 to 1939, only small groups of Catholics were living. So, for the Catholic world, Communism was an evil force attacking from the outside.

The situation changed in 1939-40, when the Soviets annexed Eastern Poland and the Baltic States, with a Catholic population of eight to ten million. Then Communism was inside the Catholic world and could exert direct pressure on it. This, however, did not

last. When Hitler attacked Russia, these Catholic populations found themselves far behind the front, exposed to National Socialist, but no longer Communist, tyranny.

In 1944-45, the Communists reappeared where they had been a few years earlier. During the last phase of the war, they rapidly advanced toward the very center of Europe. Once there, they could not be dislodged by the local populations, while the democratic nations of the West, though opposed to the advance of Communism, abhorred the idea of a new war, which was obviously the only means of throwing the Communists out of the occupied countries.

The result was that Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia lost their independence and became satellites of the Soviet Union. Today they are ruled by local Communists. Of these countries, Poland is almost entirely Catholic, Czechoslovakia

and Hungary are predominantly Catholic, while Yugoslavia and Rumania have large Catholic minorities. Taken together, about forty-five million Catholics live in these states, and if one adds those living within the new boundaries of the Soviet Union, one finds that, today, there are at least fifty-three million Catholics under the Communist yoke.

How do these Catholics fare and what will happen to them? To answer this question, one must consider that the basic principles of Communism, among them implacable hostility to religion, are immutable. Therefore, what they have done to religion in Russia in the course of the past thirty-two years, they will try to do to religion in the newly conquered areas.

This is true, however, only as to ends but not necessarily as to means. In Russia, for long years, they tried to destroy religion by atrocious persecution, blasphemy, and overt discrimination against

religious-minded people. Experience has taught them quite a few lessons, the same ones learned by persecutors of religion through the ages. Direct persecution and blasphemy never achieve their end; on the contrary, under their impact faith is strengthened, and indifferent people are converted. So the Communists changed their tactics. Instead of destroying religion by persecution, they now try to destroy it by means of enslavement.

WHAT does this mean? The majority of Russian Christians belong to the Russian Orthodox Church. In contrast to the years of persecution, this church today is granted official recognition. Many churches are open. Divine service is splendid. Blasphemy no longer occurs in Communist propaganda. Young priests are openly trained in seminaries. The Patriarch of Moscow, head of the Russian Church, lives in a beautiful palace.

But for these privileges the Russian Church had to pay a heavy price. It is now an enslaved church, a church limited to the celebration of divine service. The clergy are unable to give religious instruction to children or to combat atheism from the pulpit. The higher clergy must time and again endorse the aggressive policies of the Communist Government and repudiate the blood of the martyrs by saying that those clergymen and active laymen who had been executed, deported, or jailed, had been rightly punished for counterrevolution.

A church enslaved by the Communists, therefore internally impotent, though externally splendid and full of life! This is the solution of the religious problem found by the Communists, by trial and error, in the course of their Russian experience.

There is no doubt that this is the pattern that the Communist leaders are trying to impose on the newly annexed countries. They will not repeat the mistakes of the earlier years of their rule in Russia. On the contrary, they will proceed by short cuts, omitting, entirely or partly, the phase of direct persecution and aiming directly at the goal of enslaving religion. But now they meet predominantly Catholic populations; and this makes a great difference which, it seems, the Communists are inclined to underestimate. In Russia they had to deal with a national church which for centuries was closely tied to the national government and owed no allegiance to any spiritual center outside Russia. In America it is often believed that the Patriarch of Constantinople is the spiritual head of the Eastern Churches. This is not the case. The Eastern Churches form a loose confed-

eration headed by no one. It is noteworthy that, under Communist sponsorship, the Patriarch of Moscow displays the ambition of becoming a kind of co-ordinator of the churches in communion with that of Russia, which would enslave them to the Kremlin.

When accepting the compromise offered by the Communists, the leaders of the Russian Church had no need to renounce any dogmatic position or any rule of church administration. They did not have to sever ties with any higher spiritual authority since, for them, no such authority existed. Moreover, they were rather eager to accept the compromise granting them recognition and many advantages. They were eager to do so because they were of the Byzantine and Russian imperial tradition, which made close relations with the national government usual and desirable. As to the flock, one has to consider the somewhat ritualistic tendency of the Eastern Christians. Their perception of religion is primarily esthetic, culminating in the beauty of the divine service. Since this is once again available, the majority ask no questions and gather in large numbers in the churches, without paying much attention to the kind of relations between their church and the Government.

In Catholic countries, the Communists meet a clergy and a flock of quite another tradition. But they seem to believe that this makes their goal only more difficult, not unattainable. They believe that they must proceed by two stages: first, detach parts of the Catholic world from Rome and organize them into national churches; and second, enslave them one after another. Being experts in politics, the Communists know the rule that, to conquer,

one must divide the enemy. Therefore, they have not launched their anti-Catholic drive simultaneously in all the countries under their yoke, or chosen identical means.

In Eastern Poland (annexed by the Soviet Union) and in Rumania, they have concentrated their attack on the Catholics of the Eastern Rite and ordered them to join the Orthodox Church to which their ancestors had belonged centuries ago. In Yugoslavia and Hungary, they have staged trials against their highest Church dignitaries, Archbishop Stepinatz and Cardinal Mindszenty, indicting them for collaboration with the enemy and conspiracy with the imperialists of the West, in the hope of arousing against them, and perhaps Catholicism in general, the flaming nationalism of the Yugoslavs and Hungarians.

This goal has not been attained, as, in similar circumstances, it was not attained in Russia. The people either did not believe that the high churchmen were guilty of the offenses ascribed to them, or thought that, after all, talks with representatives of the West were in the interest of their nations since the West was not a potential aggressor, but a potential liberator.

IN any case, the line of action started by the trials seems to have been abandoned in favor of another line, that conducive to enslavement. Since May, 1949, the plan has been consistently carried out in Czecho-Slovakia, and probably, very soon, similar action will be started in Poland.

There have been very good reasons for choosing Czecho-Slovakia to become the first target of the grand style anti-Catholic action. Among all the Catholic nations under Communist yoke, Czecho-Slovakia—more exactly, its Czech part—is the one where secularism and religious indifference have made progress. In the elections of 1946, held under conditions approximating full freedom, 38 per cent of the Czechs voted for the Communist Party, a declared enemy of religion. Ever since the First World War, quite a few intellectuals officially declared themselves "free of religion," which, by the way, exonerated them from paying a supplement to the income tax going to the various religious denominations.

One more reason suggested the choice of Czecho-Slovakia for experimentation. The Communist plan includes the formation of national churches, and there is, in the Czech tradition, the Hussite movement, a religious uprising of the early fifteenth century which aimed at the formation of a national church of the Czechs, not entirely separated from Rome. To this tradition, there have



Archbishop Beran

been many references recently in the speeches of the Communist leaders. The movement survived up to the era of the Reformation, which, among the Czechs, found numerous supporters. The tradition was revived after World War I when a National Church of Czecho-Slovakia was formed, a vague organization with only a handful of followers, but exactly of the type conforming to Communist desires.

It was only in February, 1948, that the Communists gained indisputable power over Czecho-Slovakia. Prior to that, direct attack against religion was out of the question. Early in 1949, feeling themselves well in the saddle, the Communists decided to declare war on the enemy.

IT started in a somewhat inconspicuous way. The bishops of the country were invited to a conference with Communist leaders to straighten out some problems dividing them. But the conference failed. The bishops were promised satisfaction of almost all their demands, on one condition: that they take an oath of allegiance to the "people's democracy"—this is the official name of the new order of things. The bishops refused. They could not have accepted because the Communist offer was a trap. The new oath was tantamount to a promise of unconditional obedience; had this promise been given, the Communists would have demanded from the bishops some action at variance with the authority of Rome; then, the bishops would be faced with the choice of breaking their oath, or of breaking with Rome.

When the bishops refused, the government spokesmen started fulminating against them and accusing them of the same deeds for which Archbishop Stepinatz and Cardinal Mindszenty had been convicted and sentenced. The bishops, said the Communists, placed loyalty to Rome ahead of loyalty to Czecho-Slovakia, as represented by the Communist-led government. Their allegiance ought to be primarily to the national center. This pointed, covertly, to the plan of setting up a national church.

To prepare the ground, the Communists are using various devices. There has been a good deal of intimidation, demonstrating the strength of the Government. Catholic schools, not very numerous in the country, have been closed. The Catholic press has been almost completely silenced. The archives of Archbishop Beran have been searched and a few documents seized. Unofficially, he has been placed under house arrest. A few priests have been jailed. In general, the priests have been warned that only those who are entirely behind the Government will continue receiving

their salary. It is an unfortunate aspect of the situation that, as a heritage of the pious Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the clergy are paid salaries, or part of these, by the state treasury.

Intimidation has been supplemented by deception. In May, 1949, the Government, aided by a few apostates, started publishing the *Catholic Church Gazette*. Despite the title, it has no connection with the Catholic Church. But the Government has ordered all priests to subscribe to the paper and to obey all directions published there, to the exclusion of any reaching them through other channels. A Catholic Action organization has been formed by the Government, to replace all the really Catholic groups and to prepare, eventually, for the National Church of the Communist dream. A resolution allegedly signed by three thousand Catholic priests and endorsing the church policy of the Government has been circulated. Names of dead priests, of priests who have never even seen the resolution, and of persons who never were ordained have been added to those of a small group of apostates.

On the other hand, alluring promises have been given to those who would follow the Government. Priests who pledge their loyalty have been promised higher salaries, the permission to teach religion and to run Catholic publications. Promises have been strengthened by attempts to play the card of nationalism. Jan Huss, the medieval leader of the separatist movement, is often extolled as a national hero. The secular feud between Teutons and Slavs is ex-

ploited and Catholicism identified with the former. The unshakable allegiance of the bishops to Rome is misrepresented as a revival of the plan to place the Slavs under the orders of other nations.

BUT even in the sharpest statements against the higher clergy, Government spokesmen insist that they have nothing whatsoever against religion in general or Catholicism in particular. They denounce those who ridicule religion and assert that it is a thing of the past. This is obviously a lesson drawn from the Russian experience.

The papal decree excommunicating the Communists (July 13, 1949) has been seized as a pretext to sharpen the opposition between the Catholic Church and the Communist-led government. The latter declared that every concrete case of the application of the decree would be judged as an act of treason. A similar statement has been made in Warsaw, and in *Pravda*, official paper of the Communist Party of Russia. And the head of the Russian Orthodox Church has supported Communist opposition to the papal decree.

It is noteworthy that, up to recently, any Russian Communist found to have participated in religious practices was thrown out without mercy! In other words, the Communists have believed—and rightly—that Communism and Christianity were incompatible. But when this has been once more confirmed by the Pope, they protest—because now they need Communists in Catholic garb!

How the great conflict now going on in Czecho-Slovakia will develop is hardly predictable. It is probable that the Government will intensify the intimidation aspect of action. It is possible that a split will occur in the ranks of the Czech Catholics, some declaring that they are no longer members of any religious denomination—this is commended by the Government—others joining some government-sponsored pseudo church. But it is beyond doubt that a good number will resist and eventually go into the catacombs.

What these latter think and want has been told with admirable simplicity by the Franciscan provincial of Czecho-Slovakia, at a dramatic meeting recently held in Prague. To the Communist officials present at the meeting he said:

"We want to remain with the Holy See, for only when we are united with the head of the Church are we the true Church. We feel ourselves to be the successors of the first Christians who lived in a pagan world. We think that the present state is also in many respects a pagan state against which we align ourselves in the same manner as the early Christians."



Mexican Brew

▲ A brewery in Toluca, Mexico, searched for a long time for a slogan with the sales appeal of Schlitz' well-known "Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous." They finally hit upon a slogan which topped the American brewers' trade-mark. The Mexicans plug their product as: "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Jealous."

—Magazine Digest



by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

Much Ado

Why so much ado in this country about the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine? Isn't it more urgent to back the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Societies?—

B. H., BUFFALO, N. Y.

It is indeed urgent that we co-operate with the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Their parochial apostolate is decidedly Christlike, not only in its objective, but likewise in its motive and method. In that respect, the Vincentians are equaled by few, if any, of the Church's lay societies. To relieve the manifold emergency of the poor was a dominant concern of Christ Himself, and our personal record on that score has been revealed as a norm of our judgment by God.

However, the predominant concern of our Divine Saviour was the teaching of Christian doctrine. To assign a priority of importance to faith is sound psychologically as well as theologically. Faith is the seed, charity the fruit. We do not and cannot love anyone—whether God or man—until we first know him, until we esteem him at his lovable worth. Through the knowledge furnished us by faith, we come to appreciate God, and to regard men as children of God, as co-members of Christ. To the point—from faith we derive our best incentives for neighborly charity. There is no danger of too much ado over the divine propaganda known as Christian doctrine. Rather, it is a dearth of that propaganda which accounts, in large measure, for many evils of national and world-wide scope.

It is safe to say that juveniles are delinquent in ratio to their want of influential training in Christian doctrine. And parents are delinquent because that same influence petered out in their lives with the close of the penny catechism era. When the seeds of Christian doctrine have not been well sown and nurtured, the consequences are not surprising, though none the less appalling. Daily prayers are forgotten, sacramental contact with God is postponed indefinitely, Sunday Mass becomes a nuisance, marriages are entered upon that prove the partners to be spiritual morons. One such family, because of a want of Christian indoctrination, can beget generations of "paper" Catholics.

If this country and the world at large are to be spared the blight of religious indifference, it must be accomplished by the hearing and keeping of God's word—by a renewal of Christian indoctrination. Unless that dream come true, the skyscraper headquarters of the UN will become an A-bomb target and its ruins a monument to the men who by-passed Christian doctrine and failed the world.

It is stupid as well as sad to consider sufficient a mere catechism education in Catholicity. Religious education should be continued and improved by attendance at instructive, inspirational sermons; by study club discussions; by a studious reading of Catholic magazines and diocesan newspapers, wherein are unfolded the Church's timely teaching and up-to-the-minute history. Religious education does not tend to beget mere theorists. The better a man's faith, the more buoyant his hope and the more practical his charity. The model labor unions—the medieval guilds—were the fruitage of faith. That countless men and women of today are misguided Communists is attributable to their frantic quest for hope and charity, neither of which is possible without Christian faith. Were Christian doctrine normally prevalent, there would be no pretext for or danger of Communism. Anyone who knows the *esprit de corps* of the Vincentians at all well realizes that their devotion to the poor stems from a thorough indoctrination in the Faith. There is ample room and urgent need, in this country, for both sodalities.

Shellfish

I quote from the New York Times: "Strictly speaking, clams, oysters, shrimp, crabs, and especially lobsters are not fish, regardless of their native surroundings." Is such food forbidden by the Church law of abstinence?—M. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Under the genus *fish* are included all those animals that live in the water. Those listed above are crustacean or shellfish. More specifically, and in the ordinary sense of the term, fish are aquatic vertebrates, whose limbs are developed as fins. Shellfish are fish and it is permissible to eat them on days of abstinence.

Confession Without Communion

Is it sinful not to receive Holy Communion after confession, unless for a very good reason? Supposing a good reason for not receiving Communion, should the next confession include a repetition of sins acknowledged in the previous confession?—P. F., SAYRE, PA.

One is not obliged to receive Holy Communion, except in fulfillment of the paschal precept, and in times of spiritual emergency—especially when in danger of death. But to omit Holy Communion without good reason is indefensible self-deprivation.

Unless the good reason for not having received Communion be a sacrilegious confession, there is no obligation to repeat sins already confessed.

Scope of Infallibility

During a study club discussion, it was claimed that the Church is infallible in all things having to do with faith and morals—whether revealed or not. Is that claim accurate?—A. M., BOSTON, MASS.

Infallibility is a divine prerogative and can be delegated solely by the One to whom it naturally belongs. For that very reason, even delegated infallibility is divinely reliable. But that extraordinary grace would oftentimes be ineffective were its scope limited to those matters of faith and morals that are contained exclusively in Revelation.

Points of faith or/and morals that are revealed within Scripture or Tradition are classified as the direct object of the Church's infallibility. Over and above, there is the indirect object of that same infallibility—comprising all truths so intimately connected with Revelation as to require infallible definition. How futile infallibility would be, were

the so-called indirect objects outside its scope, is easily exemplified. A canonized saint is proposed to the universal Church as a model of faith and morals; unless the Church's endorsement of a saint be infallibly reliable, countless souls could be led astray by imitation of a pseudo saint. The Rule of a religious community is another design for sanctity, depended upon by many thousands. Again—the spirituality of the human soul is a philosophical truth intimately bound up with all revealed truths pertinent to the soul's immortality: infallible custody of the latter postulates the same type of reliability in the case of the former truth, so basic to what follows. Then too, the Church would be helpless, were it not in a position to stigmatize erroneous teachings and do so infallibly. It is revealed that the legitimate successor to St. Peter is the Vicar of Christ, but it is not revealed that the present Holy Father is the legitimate successor. Were serious doubt to arise on that point, it would call for nothing less than infallible settlement, for as a so-called dogmatic fact it would be an indirect, but nonetheless practical object of that infallibility wherewith Christ willed His Church to be endowed, and without which the "gates of hell" would have long ago prevailed. As outworks insure the better defense of a citadel, so too, the extension of infallibility to the indirect object of the Church's competence insures the inviolate custody of its direct object—Revelation itself.

Partnership

How can we reconcile our dependence upon God with the idea of human merit? "Without Me, you can do nothing"—therefore, it would seem that all credit is due to God and none to us.—C. M., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Christ did remind us of our utter dependence upon Him, in the words you quote. But at the same time, we can claim, in the words of the Apostle, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." That inspired statement presents a balanced picture of the supernatural partnership between the Saviour of men and His faithful followers.

Granting that divine grace is indispensable that we may serve God acceptably, it is not a factor which *compels* our success. Adapted to the intelligence and freedom of human nature, it *impels* us. Grace is essential for supernatural success—an essential *help*, but not an irresistible force. Otherwise, St. Paul's exhortation to the Corinthians would be meaningless: "Receive not the grace of God in vain." Our Lord's reproach of the Jews for having spurned grace would have been unjust, had there been no freedom to accept or reject: "Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered together thy children as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not!" For example—your advice, or encouragement, or financial aid, or a loan of your equipment may be the decisive factor in another person's success, but it is *he* who succeeds.

Vogue vs. Charity

Is it improper for a man, during wilting weather, to attend Sunday Mass—coatless and tieless—though otherwise respectably attired?—J. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Your attire would be considered too informal. The reason alleged would be that vogue calls for a coat and tie. But the vogue is unreasonable. Propriety—in the sense of truly balanced fittingness, is one thing; vogue, another.

In order to concentrate upon study, or professional work, or the worship of God, at least a certain minimum of physical comfort is indispensable. Otherwise, effort becomes an endurance contest, with little advantage to the man who needs to pray with undivided attention and who wants to do so. For painful cavity work, an up-to-date dentist administers a local anesthetic—not only to reduce the patient's

discomfort, but to expedite and insure thorough work. In church, considerable discomfort can add up to considerable distraction. In such circumstances, if it be feasible to lessen discomfort and distraction, not to do so would seem to be inadvisable asceticism.

However, to bring about a change of vogue, uncommon common sense is needed, as well as courage. It was suggested to the editor of a certain trade journal that he endeavor to popularize a sane style of summer attire for the poor male of the species. Personally, he was in favor of the crusade, but among his top advertisers was a collar concern. Understandably, the editor demurred. According to vogue, milliners circulate female headdress as soon as the weather indicates the advent of spring, summer, autumn, or winter; whereas the male hatter must slavishly await certain dates in May and September. Apropos of coiffure, facial make-up, dress ensemble, and footwear, the female seems to enjoy carte blanche in creating her own vogue, whereas the male is hidebound! (We eschew any flippancy of topic or treatment). In most of the U. S. A., summer climate can be semitropical. Many years will have elapsed until our churches can be air cooled. A commendable judgment on the problem submitted should be formed—not at an air-conditioned conference table, or on a crisp November evening, but in a sweltering church where, with air-conditioned women, men are trammelled by the fetish of too much attire.

Patron of Medical Professions

Is there any recognized patron of the allied medical professions among the canonized saints?—M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

There are several such patrons, each of whom has a clientele among physicians, nurses, and pharmacists. Among the most popular are the two brothers, Saints Cosmas and Damian. They were Arab physicians and were martyred under the Roman Emperor Diocletian; their feast day is observed on the twenty-seventh of September. St. Luke the Evangelist, inspired author of the third gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles, was also a physician and an artist, and is prominent among medical patrons. Another saint is gaining popularity as a patroness of hospitals and of allied professions—Saint Gemma, the Passionist Tertiary and stigmatist who was canonized in 1940 by the present Vicar of Christ who eulogized her as "the gem of Christ." Saint Gemma's feast day is observed on May 14. A pamphlet biography of this remarkable saint is obtainable from THE SIGN. (Price 10¢ plus 3¢ postage)

How Many Children?

- a) *Are we obliged by the Church to have children if, for reasons of health, a physician advises against it?*
- b) *If able physically, should we have as many children as possible, or as many as can be raised properly?*

—D. F., VERONA, PA.

The above questions could be answered in one-syllable words or at book-length. a) No—but, be sure you have consulted a competent physician; when so much is at stake, it would seem advisable to have the opinion of more than one physician. Are their alleged reasons weighty or trivial, real or specious? b) The injunction of the Creator, "Increase and multiply" is not to be interpreted in the sense that mothers and fathers are so many "duplicating machines" for the propagation of the human family. But, to be raised properly, children need not be nurtured in the proverbial "lap of luxury." Parents can be the worst handicap to "spoiled children."



Walter Lippmann, austere intellectual of the Washington columnists



Edwin Lahey, Washington's best-informed columnist on labor matters



David Lawrence, editor, publisher, and dean of Washington columnists

Autocrats of the Breakfast Table

Washington columnists have become the glamour boys of the newspaper business. They range from gossip vendors to profound analysts of national affairs

by

CABELL PHILIPS

THE columnists are the glamour boys of the newspaper business. As every young sports writer dreams of the day he will become a Runyon or a Grantland Rice, so the Washington neophyte when first he comes upon the scene frames his destiny in the glittering likeness of a Pearson or the immaculate erudition of a Lippmann. They are the heroes who have broken the shackles of impecunious publishers and sadistic city editors. They are the giants who mold events instead of being molded by them. They are the idols who have risen above the herd to palpable, obvious success.

And, indeed, it is not a mean nor a wholly illusory goal upon which the young Washington correspondent has set his eye. The columnists and commentators are, in a profession becoming ever more circumscribed, the freest of free spirits. The world is their beat and all the mysteries, villainies, romances, and paradoxes thereof. They can look upon it with a friendly or a jaundiced eye, pick what suits their instant mood, and write as they please with only the obligation that they write interestingly.

But they are also, it should be noted, fallible men and heirs to all the weak-

nesses of mortal flesh. They have fears, prejudices, guilt complexes, complaining wives, and moments of misgiving like the rest of us. They live under the constant threat that some blunder, some egregious misfire of fact or interpretation, will strip them intellectually naked. The fatal temptation to take themselves too seriously, to become pompous and omniscient, is always present. And while the public has a strangely indulgent mood toward them, an almost irrational tolerance for inaccuracy and conceit, they are sometimes pulled from their pedestals in disgrace. It is a long and dreadful journey from the ivory tower to the rim of a provincial copy desk, but it is a journey some of them have had to make.

On the whole, though, it's nice work

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if you can get it, and the pay is all right, too. It is a worthy goal for any young—or even aging—Washington correspondent. But the hard fact remains that it continues to be a pretty limited field, where many are called and but few are chosen. It apparently takes something more than simple yearning to make the grade.

There are a great many Washington correspondents who can, with justification, call themselves columnists. Nearly every bureau has one or more men who turn out interpretive background or editorial dispatches at regular intervals for their papers. Many of these are excellent, representing a great deal of honest journalistic effort and reflecting the keen insight and knowledge of the writers. Their circulation is limited to the individual paper or perhaps the chain by which they are employed. Conspicuous examples of this type of columnist are Arthur Krock, of the *New York Times*; Edwin A. Lahey, of the *Knight Newspapers*, and Raymond P. Brandt, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, to mention only a few.

At the lower end of the spectrum there are others in this category who shall remain nameless. Their product is of a lesser caliber and predicated upon the assumption that a saving magic attaches to the simple device of a Washington dateline. Some such columns deal speciously in gossip and alleged "news behind the news." Others

pontificate hollowly on foreign and national affairs. In each case the paucity of the writer's experience and knowledge, his incapacity for understanding and interpretation, is embarrassingly apparent to everyone, it seems, except his managing editor.

But for the purposes of this discussion the emphasis is upon the syndicated Washington columnists, the commentators whose work is known beyond the circulation area of any single paper and whose influence, if any, is national rather than regional.

It is this writer's opinion that the credit for being the first Washington columnist, as the term is understood in its larger connotation, goes to David Lawrence. Certainly, he is the most durable. His column on national affairs is still a major feature in 200 papers today, and its origins can legitimately be traced back to 1919.

At that time he had been in the AP Washington Bureau for ten years. He had come there straight from Princeton with the reputation of a prodigy, a handicap he promptly overcame by proving really to be one. He ingratiated himself with the diplomatic corps and won their confidence. Later, when one of the interminable Mexican revolutions broke out, he managed to be the only American reporter on the spot. He was a disciple of Woodrow Wilson and "The New Freedom" and established the best pipelines of any Washington reporter into the inner cloisters of that Administration. His on-the-spot coverage of negotiations leading up to the Versailles Treaty was outstanding.

All of this redounded to the credit of the AP, but not much to that of Dave Lawrence, for by-lines were virtually unknown to the AP in those days. To escape this intolerable anonymity (and presumably to improve his economic position), he shifted in 1919 to the New

York *Evening Post*. His stint was to write the daily lead story out of Washington, under his own by-line. This was not an uncommon assignment for Washington correspondents in those days. Lawrence, however, gave his stories a new twist by appending a shirttail of succinct interpretation. Not content to give simply the who, what, and where of Washington events, he gave the *why* also. He set the current happening in the larger canvas of what had gone before and what might reasonably be anticipated in the future.

This was an innovation in news reporting three decades ago, and it caught on. Lawrence's stories came to be more and more interpretive and less and less spot news. The *Post* began to syndicate them. When this proved successful, Lawrence pulled out and set up his own syndicate. In 1926 he branched out still further with a telegraphed financial and feature news service, and then a labor news service and then the *U. S. Daily News*, and then the *U. S. News and World Report*, and so on to the point that now, twenty-two years later, David Lawrence is the best living contradiction of the canard that reporters are poor businessmen.

Lawrence, however, did not initiate the *opinion* column. He and his earlier imitators had limited themselves rigorously to interpretation of the news; telling what it meant, not what they thought about it. The distinction for creating the modern by-lined column of editorial opinion appears to belong to Walter Lippmann. He launched it cautiously when he shifted from the lately expired New York *World* to the New York *Herald-Tribune* in 1931. He moved his base of operations to Washington in 1933. His column took on a bolder look and its syndication began to boom. His temerity shocked many of the orthodox, including Lawrence.

But, when they saw that the temple walls did not crack under this heresy, they began to put opinion into their columns, too.

The Golden Age of the columnists can thus be pegged to the period of the Great Depression. One authority has estimated that anywhere from 150 to 200 generally syndicated Washington columns came into being in the years between 1930 and 1934, most of them to expire after a brief but gaudy existence.

Two factors seem to have influenced this burgeoning.

First (but not necessarily most important) the Broadway columnist had already established a vogue. O. O. McIntyre, Mark Hellinger, and Walter Winchell were the pioneers in this effort of making the glittering lights of Times Square seem as familiar as those on Main Street. They brought the fascinatingly wicked fripperies of stage and screen stars and the headlines of the speakeasy set straight to the breakfast tables of Omaha and Dogpatch. They capitalized elaborately on the long-familiar journalistic axiom that people are more interested in people than anything else. And they spiced this interest by telling—or professing to tell—the most intimate and personal details of other people's lives. It required no stroke of managerial genius to figure out that if this paid off for Broadway; it also ought to pay off for Washington, too, whence a great many people were beginning to turn their eyes and thoughts.

SECOND, the popular preoccupation with Government, given such a stimulus by the depression and the high drama of the New Deal, generated a demand not only for gossip and "news behind the news," but for intelligent interpretation and background as well. The columnists, on the spot and wearing a cloak of either hardboiled sophistication or Olympian detachment, answered the need.

By the middle years of the thirties the Washington column had solidified its position as a journalistic institution. There was something of a stampede by newspapermen to break into this promising new pasture, and there was a staggeringly high mortality among them. But a few of the early starters have survived—Drew Pearson, who with Robert S. Allen created the fabulously successful "Washington Merry-Go-Round"; Joseph Alsop, ex-*Herald-Tribune*, who started business with Robert Kintner and after a wartime hiatus, resumed with his brother Stewart as partner; Mark Sullivan, the tired liberal of the muckraking days; Frank Kent, the unreconstructed Tory of the Balti-



Pearson and Allen, originators of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round"

more Sun; and, of course, Walter Lippmann and the indestructible David Lawrence, to mention the most conspicuous examples.

A number of specialists invaded the field during the war years; retired Generals and Admirals who wrote assuredly (but with some fantastic blunders) about military strategy; aviation experts, economic analysts, foreign affairs specialists, etc. Few of them as individuals have lasted into the post-war period. But they demonstrated that a public appetite exists for much of the fare they offered. The result is that the contemporary Washington columnist has had to extend himself well beyond the field of politics and the narrow construction of national affairs. He must write knowledgeably today on military matters, economics, science, and foreign policy as well. This added obligation has strained the talents of some to uncomfortable lengths.

ACCURATE statistics on the columning industry are impossible to obtain. Earnings, readership, etc., are highly guarded trade secrets. However, some reasonably safe conjectures can be made.

With a few conspicuous exceptions such as the *New York Times*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Chicago Tribune*, there is scarcely a daily paper in the country of as much as 25,000 circulation that doesn't print a syndicated column an average of three times a week. Thus, it is reasonable to estimate that some 50,000,000 newspaper readers each day read—or have the opportunity to read—the product of some Washington columnist. Most papers, however, are not satisfied with a single columnist. To achieve balance many of them pair off a conservative Lawrence with a liberal Tom Stokes, or a gossipy George Dixon with a thoughtful Ernest Lindley. For top honors in distribution, the palm undoubtedly goes to Drew Pearson. His "Washington Merry-Go-Round" is reliably reported to have 450 subscribers with a gross daily circulation of about 18,000,000. Peter Edson, whose column is distributed by Newspaper Enterprise Association, is bought by a greater number of newspapers—between 700 and 800—but they are predominantly small or medium-sized, with a substantially lower gross circulation. It is to be doubted if any other Washington columnist at this time boasts as many as 300 subscribers, though again we are dependent upon conjecture.

What are the criteria for a successful Washington column; successful, that is, in the sense of being able to command over a period of years a following sufficient to pay the freight?

On sober analysis the answer does

not seem to reside in the observance of any of the classical virtues enshrined in the journalism textbooks. Indeed, some of the most "successful" Washington columns persistently flout those virtues.

One in particular thrives on a splenetic hatred of the memory and family of Franklin D. Roosevelt. One whose prestige is built largely on his occult preoccupation with goings on "behind the scenes" is a frequent and unrepentant offender against truth and basic reportorial accuracy. Others ride their personal hobbies—reclamation, tax reform, a big Army or Navy or Air Force, a better deal for the Indians, etc., to the uttermost limits of exhaustion. And still others cast all rules of logic and objectivity overboard to become palpable propagandists for a party or a program or a person. And yet they "succeed" year in and year out.

On the other side of the scale are many columnists who, in the best tradition of the late Raymond Clapper, are able and conscientious reporters; who are well informed and have excellent sources of information; whose dispatches are well reasoned, fair, and judicious; who work at their trade with energy and imagination. Yet this dedicated approach is no guarantee of longevity and material reward. Each

• An injurious truth has no merit over an injurious lie. Neither should ever be uttered.

—MARK TWAIN

year the "good" and the "bad" columnists seem to die off in about equal numbers.

On balance, then, it seems that the ultimate measure for "success" as a columnist is the ability to write interestingly; not learnedly, not penetratingly, not even well; but in a manner to capture the emotional or intellectual interest of enough thousands of newspaper readers to make him a profitable "property" to his syndicate. The columnist must be an individualist and stamp his product indelibly with his own personality. Whether it be the critical and scolding personality of a John O'Donnell, the evangelism of a Tom Stokes, or the austere intellectualism of a Walter Lippmann, his particular personality must pervade his work, and it must elicit the positive response—the interest—of many thousands of newspaper readers.

Anyone familiar with the processes of Congress is aware of its extreme sensitivity to columnar comment. Doris Fleenon, let us say, writing upon the

paucity of educational opportunities in the South, is pretty certain to find her comments quoted on the floor by some Senatorial advocate of Federal aid to education. Conversely, Lowell Mellett, when he takes off after the racial bigots in the House, is likely to hear himself described as a dangerous Red by the Hon. John Rankin of Mississippi the next day. Most members of Congress are avid newspaper readers, and most of them have their favorite columnists. It is unquestionably true that such men as Walter Lippmann, Arthur Krock, and Drew Pearson do, upon occasion, affect the course of legislation and national affairs through their columns.

This same sensitivity, moreover, runs through the executive branch of the Government. Indeed, few Washington columnists could stay in business without at least one tamed Cabinet member (usually men of normal vanity and ambition) in their stable of informants. Government programs have been materially altered to win the approval or avoid the ire of various columnists.

The speed of modern communications and the plethora of current news has made today's metropolitan newspaper a fearsome and frustrating thing to the average reader. Harassed and confused as he is by the struggle for survival, he is overwhelmed by the sheer bulk of news which he feels it is his obligation, as a good citizen, to absorb. Thus he is tempted to skip all but page one and turn to his favorite columns in the hope that he will find there not only the top news of the moment in capsule, but also a ready-made opinion about it with which he can impress his fellows at the office next morning.

And finally, the columnists endow the news—or at least the editorial pages—with personality. As editors and publishers have retreated over the last quarter century into the cold and impersonal anonymity of corporate efficiency, the columnists have moved in to supply the intimate "you and me" relationship for which the readers instinctively yearn. People, it seems, like to be told what to believe, and they would rather be told by another person than by an inanimate institution.

THUS, columnists have reinvigorated the journalistic corpus with some of the vitality it had in its lusty youth. Whatever their shortcomings as individuals, their collective contribution to national affairs journalism has been profound and constructive. They have made themselves as nearly indispensable to the average newspaper of today as, say, want ads and comics. And to this observer, that will continue to spell "influence" until a better yardstick is devised.

Stengel vs. Boudreau

The hectic American League pennant race has had many exciting moments during the scramble of 1949 but none more dramatic and pulse-quickenning than a late July game between the league-leading Yankees and the second place Cleveland Indians. It was a game that went right down to the wire and saw youthful Lou Boudreau, manager of the Tribe, match strategy with wise old Casey Stengel, leader of the Yankees. When it was all over, Old Case had won out and the New Yorkers had picked up a game in the standings.

Here was the situation. The surprising Yankees, though dogged with injuries all through the campaign, had broken on top opening day and had stayed there despite a casualty list that had reached forty-five as we go to press. It started with Joe DiMaggio's heel during spring training and went up and down the lineup, hitting regulars and subs alike. As a matter of fact, with Stengel's patched-up lineup it was difficult to tell who was a regular and who wasn't. But the Yankees, through hustle, spirit, and the will to win, managed to stay on top.

Cleveland, on the other hand, had gotten off to a miserable start that would have discouraged many another team right out of the race. But the Indians are champions and they played the part right to the hilt. They had injuries and handicaps too, but they kept on fighting. Little by little, they hacked away at the Yankees' lead till finally they got up to second place and started breathing on the Yankees' backs.

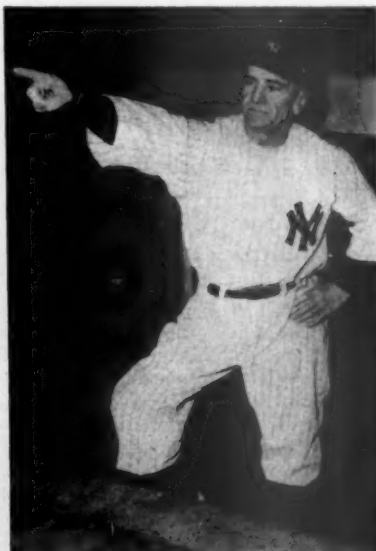
Cleveland came into the Yankee Stadium for a three-game series starting July 25. The Tribe took the first game 4-2 and cut the Yankees' lead to three games. The second game was rained out and the next was played July 29th. This was a mighty big game. If Cleveland had won, they would have taken a big bite out of the margin, cutting it to only two games. Further, it would have been a setback to Yankee morale, which was beginning to sag a little from the constant pounding of the injury jinx. Yes, it was a very big game; two games in the standings, in fact. A Yankee win would put them four big games ahead. A Cleveland win and they were closer than they had been all season, just two games out of first.

Allie Reynolds for New York and Bob Lemon for Cleveland were the starting pitchers, and they were as hot as the weather, which was in the mid-nineties. The Indians got two runs in the third on Joe Gordon's two-out single. Triples by Stirnweiss and Reynolds and an infield out tied the score for the Yanks in the fifth. A walk, a single, and a

double by Stirnweiss put the Yankees one ahead in the sixth inning, and it stayed that way until Cleveland came to bat in the ninth.

Here is where the game became one of the most interesting of the year. Boudreau and Stengel started to fire strategy at each other and it was move and counter move all through the inning. Cleveland was only one run behind. Boudreau himself opened the inning with a base hit and represented the tying run as he stood on first. Lou is not as fast as he used to be and he called Avila to run for him. Then he sent Hal Peck up as a pinch hitter for Ray Boone. Reynolds, who was wilting in the oppressive heat, fired a wild pitch and Avila scooted for second. Then Peck drew a pass and the Indians had the tying and winning runs on and nobody out.

Stengel came out to talk to Reynolds and the Yankees great relief pitcher, Joe Page, was hurriedly getting ready in the bull pen. Jim Hegan was the batter, and since he hits right-handed, Stengel decided to go along with the right-handed throwing Reynolds. Allie quickly got two strikes on Hegan who, trying to sacrifice, fouled the second one. Now Boudreau, thinking fast, sent



Stengel—he outwitted Boudreau

SPORTS...

Early Wynn, a hard and long ball-hitting pitcher, up to take the last cut for Hegan. Wynn, a switch hitter, stepped in batting lefty. Now Stengel swung into action, calling Lefty Page in to replace Reynolds on the mound. Undaunted, Wynn turned around and batted righty.

Stengel continued to mastermind and it paid off. Gene Woodling was playing left field and Hank Bauer was in right. Woodling is a fine fielder, but his throwing is not too good. So Stengel benched Woodling and sent Bauer over to left, meanwhile inserting Cliff Mapes, who has an arm like a bull, in right. Remember, Cleveland had men on first and second and there was no one out. It happened as though Casey had written the script. Page delivered and Wynn lashed a line drive right at Mapes in right. As the outfielder gloved the ball, Avila tagged up and dashed for third. Mapes fired a perfect strike to Billy Johnson at third and Avila was cut down sliding in. The next batter was out, the Yankees won 3-2, increasing their lead to four games, and Ol' Case had outwitted Young Lou.

Mickey Makes Good

Regular readers will recall that this column mentions potential big-league stars every spring when it looks over the crop of rookies about to head for the training camps. Some of those we mention fall by the wayside, but others go on to become the Williams, DiMaggios, Ruths, and Gehrigs of the future. We are very happy about the success of one of the youngsters that we tabbed as a future great, for he certainly has made good with the proverbial vengeance.

The youth is twenty-one-year-old Maurice "Mickey" McDermott, left-handed pitcher of the Boston Red Sox. After a session at the spring training camp, McDermott was sent down to Louisville for more seasoning and to correct a bit of wildness. He soon proved that he was ready, and Joe McCarthy recalled him to the parent team. Believe me, he is the greatest pitching prospect to come into the American League since Lefty Grove came up to the Philadelphia Athletics from Baltimore in 1925. I happened to be han-

by DON DUNPHY

ding the television of a game between the Yankees and the Red Sox one July night with Mickey hurling against Joe DiMaggio and company. The boy is a revelation on the mound.

I saw Grove when he broke in with the A's twenty-four years ago, and I watched him through his career that was to wind up in 1941 with the amazing total of three hundred victories. Well, McDermott is Grove all over again. Tall and slender, with a whip-like motion that gets the ball up to the plate with authority, he is just wild enough to keep the batter from getting a toehold. Grove was that way too when he broke in. McDermott has a curve ball that snaps off and a change-up that would be worthy of a veteran. And on the mound he has poise and savvy beyond what you'd expect of a kid who hasn't yet cast his first vote. I don't usually go overboard on a rookie, but I'm willing to take a chance on McDermott. He's definitely tabbed for stardom.

About Avila

A reader has written asking if we would do a paragraph or two on Roberto Avila, the rookie infielder of the Cleveland Indians, and we are only too happy to oblige. In fact, we might start with Bob's own words:

"To me baseball means much. My hope is that I may become a great player for the honor of my country and as an example to the youth of Mexico."

Already something of a national hero south of the border for his feat of leading the Mexico League in batting, the good looking, twenty-two-year-old youngster has no delusions of grandeur. He is simply intent on achieving a goal he has had since childhood.

Like most American kids, but a bit unusual in foreign countries, Avila early developed a keen interest in baseball. He collected record books and learned the averages of major league players. He read the sports magazines and studied the rules. It was no surprise that he was an outstanding athlete in school and later at Vera Cruz Prep, although none of his family had participated before him. Not only did he play baseball but also soccer,

basketball, tennis, and squash. For those activities he received many medals and diplomas, which, as is the custom in Mexico, are given in lieu of "letters."

So swift was his progress and so outstanding his record that at seventeen he became the second baseman for the professional team in Puebla. He hit only .260 that season, but by 1944 he had climbed to .334, remaining in the select .300 circle for the rest of his Mexican League career and during the winters when he played in Cuba. Three times his team finished second, always missing the pennant by a game or two, but Avila continued to improve himself in the field and at the plate. He hit .335 in 1945, then .360 in 1946. Finally, in 1947, his .346 total was the best in the league and scout Cy Slapnicka suggested him for the Indians.

Signed to a Baltimore contract, he reported to Boudreau in the middle of spring training a year ago and greatly impressed the Tribe coaches with his polish in the field. But there was doubt that he could hit good pitching con-



Roberto Avila

sistently so he was soon sent to join the Orioles. As he succinctly states it, "They farmed me out; Joe Gordon too good."

With Baltimore, he fielded brilliantly, but, as suspected, he had trouble with International League pitching and was hitting around .260 when he suffered a hernia which necessitated an immediate operation. Although some of the best medical attention in the world was available at Johns Hopkins, right there at Baltimore, he preferred to return to Mexico where the operation was performed by his surgeon brother.

Between travel, hospitalization, and recuperation, he missed most of the

season. When he returned in mid-August, he was faced with the problem of getting back his "eye" in the heat of combat. As a result his batting average slipped considerably to a .220 at the season's end.

However, despite the fact that he is only twenty-two years old, his chances of sticking with the Indians were limited by two factors—there was plenty of competition for the reserve infield berths and he was classed as a bonus player. He had to win his job this spring or be offered to every other major league club before he could be kept in the Tribe minor league system. At this writing he seems to have won out, for he is still with Cleveland.

Roberto Gonzales Avila was born in Vera Cruz, Mexico, June 7, 1926. He bats and throws righty. He is 5' 10" and weighs 175.

Blocking the Throw

While on the subject of baseball I'd like to take this opportunity to condemn a practice that seems to be getting worse and if it isn't curbed is apt to lead to serious if not fatal injury on the diamond. It's the custom of base runners to break up double plays at second base by throwing football blocks at the second baseman or shortstop as he pivots to fire to first for the twin killing.

You've seen it happen time and again. There's a man on first and nobody out and the batter raps a grounder to the shortstop. Trying for the double play, he fires to the second baseman for the force-out at second. That's one out. But, as the second baseman pivots to fire the ball to first to complete the play, the runner who has been forced out throws himself into the fielder with a body-shattering block in an attempt to upend him to keep him from throwing the ball. If the fielder is lucky and a good acrobat, he may get the ball away and keep from getting smashed to bits.

Some think it is good baseball, but I think it is more football than baseball and is turning the diamond game into a roughhouse. There is nothing smart or brainy about a runner's firing himself into a baseman who more often than not can't see him coming because he's reaching for the ball. And many times the runner is some two hundred pounder who has been churning down the line with gathering momentum while the fielder may be a slight one-hundred-sixty pounder who is off balance when the crash comes. I don't want to be a prophet of doom but, if this silliness isn't legislated out of baseball, not just broken legs or ribs but a fatality may result.

Getting at the Heart

Marillac Social Center
has not yet celebrated its
second birthday, but it has
already performed "miracles"
for Chicago's west side

by **WILLIAM D. WILKINS**

RECENTLY, the Chicago papers showed a picture of two boys in their early teens kneeling at an altar railing. Angelic-looking, certainly, except for the fact that the setting was a jail and each was a confessed criminal.

As a psychologist in a social center, I see lots of youngsters of this age, and I often wonder as I work with them if what we are doing will prevent such tragedies.

Take Joe and John Drummond. Their parents resented them from the start, for their existence took money which otherwise could have been spent for drink. When the parents are as lit up every night as the third click on a three-way light bulb, it casts dim light on a kid's future.

Very early in their lives, Joe and John were left with neighbors or just left while their parents went bar-crawling. They were never accepted by, nor received any affection from those who should have been the natural founts of it. Both parents worked to support their respective thirsts, and as long as Joe (fifteen) and John (thirteen) can remember, they have carried keys to the house and been on their own. Until the Drummonds came to Marillac Social Center, a neighbor reports, they had probably never known stable adults, other than their teachers.

School had not been a picnic, either. Not being the intellectual type, they had plenty of trouble there, too. Joe had been around to six different schools,



A little lady examines the robes of Cardinal Stritch

three tries in one before they barred the door to him.

Joe and John like Marillac, because "it is a swell place to have fun." They box and wrestle, play ping-pong, see movies, roam from room to room just to see what is going on (there are seventy-two rooms). They shoot the breeze endlessly with their gang. Most of all, they belong. They know Marillac is for them. Marillac likes them and wants them. Joe and John say they wish Marillac could be open every night to their group. They look upon it as home.

What is Marillac Social Center? It is a dynamic social and recreational center on the west side in Chicago, serving people ages two to ninety. It is a big new venture not yet two years old. Opened formally on October 21, 1947, it represents a total outlay of a half million dollars, a gift from the Daughters of Charity to Chicago children.

What does Marillac do? The staff of one hundred works with individuals and their problems: the eating problems of Don who is three; the antisocial play

of Ned at ten; the shyness of Ginny Lou, who has no friends at fourteen; the untutored coarseness of Mamie at eighteen; the vocational problems of Bill at twenty-six; the loneliness of Jim at sixty-eight. These are the heart of the matter in a social center.

Marillac is located in a neighborhood where there are many problems. Living quarters are crammed with people; most of the buildings are in need of repair, with inadequate toilets and sorry furniture. Outside of the homes are the bare city streets. To top it off, one finds much economic insecurity and personal problems of adjustment. These all combine to make things difficult, often downright pitiful, a struggle for mere survival of body, mind, and spirit.

Ron, the curly carrot-top, is three. He and 199 other boys and girls are cared for all day in Tiny Tot Town, a division of Marillac. It is for the two to five year old whose parent or parents are unable to care for them. Visitors are fascinated by the Lilliputian scale of things; the chairs and tables, water fountains, and

toilets all for the little girls and boys.

When mother drops off Ron on the way to the factory, she also leaves his sister Mary, who is eight. She goes to Kiddieville, a department for the six to twelve year old. Here children spend their before and after school hours, enjoying supervised play, craft and hobby rooms, learning how to use their leisure time in some ways more helpful than swiping things off a truck or reading gang comics. Probably the only total energy output exceeding the atom bomb today is that of the thousand children enrolled in Kiddieville. But was it said that these kids were active? Sometimes they seem quiet compared with the adolescents of Teen Town.

Teen Town is for thirteen through nineteen, and in these days when teens are hitting the headlines for delinquency this is a "hot spot" for constructive action. Here Teens come to relax, to let off steam, to have fun, to study, to talk, and to work at group projects: for physical, mental, social, and spiritual activities. Nearly fifteen hundred are registered. In the words of the Directress of Marillac, "It's a place where boys and girls may have a good time yet be good while they are having a good time."

Teen Town's focus is on the free hours of teens. "The soul is dyed the color of its leisure moments," and this may be particularly true of adolescents. The program here is based upon what the teens ask for. Social dancing is high

on the list. Cooking, home-making, and business courses have been organized upon demand.

Town Hall, last to join the program but going strong, is for adults. The social rooms attract this group—for relaxing, for chatting, for cards, games, dances, and parties. And sitting: there is no potbellied stove, but the deep leather chairs say stay a while. Some three hundred persons are members of Town Hall. The Chess and Chatter Club for the slightly older numbers over a hundred persons from sixty-five to ninety years. Some have young ideas—two got married recently.

BUT the important aspect of Marillac is what happens to Joe and John Drummond or people like the Quinns.

Mike, Terry, and Jim Quinn are brothers. Father was a policeman and passed away ten years ago, leaving the three boys and two girls. So mother works and Mike raises the family. They live in four rooms and "that's awfully close together," Jim says. Mike is a Senior Teen now, having graduated to the older group, but Pat and Jim get around with the Junior Teens. And get around is right—first to the boxing room to see if there is someone they might possibly not have licked yet. Being so much of a size gave them lots of practice fighting, and they are always willing to give someone a lesson in respect for the Irish.

Molly and Ann Quinn know Marillac, too, and can turn out craftwork that is quite good. Not quite as good as Pat, though, who one minute is whaling someone with the gloves and the next is making artificial flowers. The Quinns are all happy, normal kids, a tribute to their mother who raised them under difficulty. Mrs. Quinn says that she used to fear the "teens" for her children and is "very happy indeed" that Marillac exists.

Yes, Molly and Ann, as individuals, are the centers of attention, but sometimes mass effects can catch the eye. On Halloween, Marillac had a big party with free cokes and ice cream, masquerade, clowns, and two dances on different floors. Several hundred boys and girls, ages thirteen through nineteen, had a magnificent time. No one thought about damage—a possibility on such a Halloween night in this neighborhood with its high truancy and delinquency rate. The police reported later that damage was conspicuous by its absence.

Before Marillac was established, thirteen out of every hundred boys in the community came to the attention of the police for various offenses—the most frequent being gambling and petty larceny. Captain Harry Penzin of the area claims that we have reduced delinquency "miraculously." John Hartigan, juvenile officer, estimates that Marillac has reduced crime in the vicinity by 50 per cent. We like it, too, when Martin H. Kennelly, the Mayor of Chicago, shows his interest, as he does, by dropping in occasionally to treat all the kids to free soda and candy bars.

Marillac is successful because it is a happy place. Its most important ingredient is friendship. Its welcome and warm acceptance creates an attractive atmosphere. Children keep coming back. They like it.

Marillac House has been described as an example of this work because it is outstanding, but there are others akin to it doing a good job. The Gary-Alderding Settlement House in Gary, Indiana, for instance, does a fine job in a complex situation with many racial groups to get together. And Casita Maria in New York, working with a special minority group, is making an outstanding contribution. Centers such as these are supported by people with big hearts—and deservedly so—for they are trying to give the best to those who need something more than the least.

Marillac, and centers like it, meet real and basic needs. They come to grips with several aspects of the "time on our hands" problem—doing something constructive about where, with whom, and how people spend their leisure hours. They offer counsel and friendship. They help to make neighborhoods neighborly.



The little children whose parents cannot care for them are provided for at Tiny Tot Town, a division of Marillac Center

Footlight Forecast

For better or for worse, the producers are currently lining up their productions for the 1949-50 season. Despite an increasing demand that the theater devote less of its energies and talents to the narrow confines of the Broadway scene, it is likely that a major portion of the forthcoming product will rise or fall on the reception accorded it by the Manhattan clique.

This inverted provincialism has cast its shadow over the theater for a good many years now. Regardless of the justifiable protests by those who feel a theater should be national in scope and appeal, this situation will continue while the regrettable apathy of talent, capital, and civic groups exists.

There is no reason, no excuse, why the larger communities of the nation cannot, and do not, exert the necessary effort to encourage and develop local theaters on the professional level. Broadway cannot support even one-half of its actors, writers, and directors. Fifty Broadways across the nation, less addicted to sensationalism, cynicism, and filth, would not only prove a boon to the artists but might save the theater from its swift strides toward self-destruction.

Little Theater groups, the colleges, and those scattered valiants who continue to fight for higher standards in the drama are doing a magnificent job. There is much more to be accomplished, however, and it must be done if the drama in this country is not to descend to the level of the radio soap opera or the glittering artificialities of present-day Broadway standards.

Listed on the advance playbills for the coming season are dramatizations of Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, Elizabeth Webster's *Ceremony of Innocence*, Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, Donn Byrne's *Messr. Marco Polo*, Kate O'Brien's *For One Sweet Grape*, musical version of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Little Foxes*, *The Pursuit of Happiness* and *Peter Pan*, Walter Kerr's *Thank You, Just Looking*, recently presented at the Catholic University, and a Michael Todd production of *Aida*.



Already the applause has sounded for the Mailer, Webster, and Joyce selections as indications of progress and intellectual freedom. Most of us will hold our cheers or our fire until the curtain rises—but cannot fail to question the propriety of presenting obscenity, bigotry, and blasphemy in any theater. We have long wondered at the reasoning of those who feel the drama must descend into the depths to achieve success.

Perhaps we should place even greater blame on those among us who help that perverted cause along with our presence and our dollars.

Ole?

Bravos are in order for the spirited Spanish performers comprising the CABALGATA troupe, now providing Broadway with its most delightful novelty. A colorful, exuberant cavalcade of flamenco songs and dances, it is a welcome attraction for audiences wearied by carbon-copy musicals.

Recruited from Madrid's finest, the company has been on a seven-year tour of South America, Cuba, and Mexico. It reaches these shores with freshness intact and enthusiasm undimmed. The zest and spirit with which the members perform the difficult Asturias and flamencos is infectious. Though the procession of dance numbers is repetitious, it is never dull. The excitements of the choreography, costumes, and heel-tapping specialists are guarantees against monotony.

Castanet-clicking Carmen Vazquez, a dancer of rare skill, is the star, with Florianita Alba, Pilar Calvo, Julio Toledo, and Rosa de Avila among the outstanding members of the cast. This authentic dance cavalcade is a refreshing, wholesome jubilee heartily recommended for the jaded playgoer.

STAGE &

Van Johnson with Gloria De Haven in "Scene of the Crime"



Carmen Vazquez and José Toledano in a dance number from the colorful musical, "Cabalgata"

"Miss Liberty"

MISS LIBERTY, the widely heralded musical comedy collaboration of Irving Berlin, Robert E. Sherwood, and Moss Hart, falls several degrees short of expectations. It is colorful, gay at times, and produced with a glittering touch. It has amiable and able actors who sing and dance with skilled abandon. It has one or two prospective hit numbers and a bouncy soubrette named Mary McCarty to sing them lustily. There the credits end.

Principal fault is the musical's turgid, humorless, and conventional libretto which never quite manages to be more than plodding. Sherwood, obviously unfamiliar with the requirements of musical comedy, has used too many footlights clichés in developing his theme. The book intrudes too often on the lighter moments and, when it does, offers merely routine dialogue as compensation. His newspaper circulation battle between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett is a tired prop for the main theme, the presentation of the Statue of Liberty to this country. There are the usual complications, the familiar mistaken identity gags, and some ill-starred attempts at comedy. Mr. Sherwood evidently looks down at the musical comedy stage, for he has penned this contribution to it with a minimum of imagination and humor.

Berlin's songs are in his familiar pattern with "Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Walk" and "Homework" undoubtedly destined for a radio endurance record. Miss McCarty, an engaging young singer in the comedy field, is the outstanding performer in the show. She sings and clowns with skill. The moments between her appearances seem doubly dull.

SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Susan Douglas, Mel Ferrer, Richard Hylton, and Beatrice Pearson in "Lost Boundaries"



In "Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson is the mother of a Negro family which "passes" as white

Eddie Albert is a friendly young man who makes of the hero a likable buffoon, while Allyn McLerie, as a French lass whom he attempts to pass off as the model for the Statue of Liberty, is at her best when she dances. Tommy Rall is also splendid in the musical's frequent ballet numbers. Veteran Ethel Griffies, long associated with heavy dramatic roles, takes full advantage of her chance to sing and prance as a typical musical comedy Countess. Charles Dingle and Philip Bourneuf contribute standard support as the feuding publishers.

Visually the show is beautiful, with costumes and sets bespeaking the costliness of the production. There is, unfortunately, the usual unnecessary suggestiveness, planted as a substitute for the genuine humor which Mr. Sherwood overlooked in his script.

Reviews in Brief

SCENE OF THE CRIME offers Van Johnson in the role of a detective tracking down the killer of a fellow officer. Surprisingly, Johnson makes the character credible, creating a well-rounded portrait of a man with a mission. The script is a skillfully developed affair with all the loopholes plugged tight. It should give adult mystery addicts an engrossing evening. Tom Drake, Arlene Dahl, and Gloria DeHaven top the effective supporting troupe. This is above par for the melodrama course. (M-G-M)

The tragic problems and the crosscurrents of fear, distrust, and intolerance faced by a New England family when the secret of their Negro blood is disclosed has been admirably documented in LOST BOUNDARIES. Based on the William L. White story in the *Reader's Digest*, this Louis De Rochemont production is an effective and powerful appeal for sanity and sympathy. Filmed in New England with a cast of comparative unknowns, it covers the basic issues of a complicated problem with authentic simplicity. The episodic nature of the script is a minor flaw in a docu-



mentary which states the case with forthright clarity. Mel Ferrer, Richard Hylton, Beatrice Pearson, and Susan Douglas are all completely credible as the family who "passed" and then recrossed the color line. (Film Classics)

Lizabeth Scott and Don DeFore are teamed in **TOO LATE FOR TEARS**, an adaptation of the exciting *Saturday Evening Post* serial. Somewhere between the *Post* editorial office and the projection room the vigor and originality of the yarn were mislaid. The result is an obvious melodrama weighted down by the unpleasantness of its subjects and the sordid byplay of the plot. (United Artists)

A mild finger exercise in musical movie-making, **IT'S A GREAT FEELING** offers little more than the spectacle of Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson acting like a pair of retarded eighth graders. The setting this time is Hollywood and the action too confused and frantic to please any but



Donald O'Connor baby-sits with Jacky Jenovese in "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"

the slapstick fans. Doris Day and Bill Goodwin go through their roles with a helpless air that will doubtless be matched by their audience. A misdirected effort at comedy that boomerangs in every direction but the right one. (Warner Brothers)

Donald O'Connor's particular brand of comedy is given full play in the sprightly football comedy, **YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY**. He appears as an ex-GI attending college, who is torn between a desire to play football and his young wife's insistence that he stay home and mind the baby. The entire backfield is in the same predicament, and for a time it looks as if dear old Granger is doomed to defeat. The matinee trade will find this a good Fall tonic, and the alumni will extract a few laughs too. (Universal-International)

Radio's Miss Malaprop, **MY FRIEND IRMA**, will give adult audiences a few laughs but little else. A shopworn script and the rather labored comedy antics of night-club comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are on the debit side, with Diana Lynn, John Lund, Marie Wilson, Kathryn Givney, and Don DeFore doing what they can to make the remaining moments count. (Paramount)

THE DOOLINS OF OKLAHOMA, the latest in the outlaw-glorification series, is a formula Western in which the "hero" is head of a fugitive band of bank robbers. He decides to become a respectable rancher, but the gang forces him to

rejoin them. Finally he is shot by the marshall outside a church. Randolph Scott and Noah Beery, Jr., head the cast of this technically excellent but morally weak affair. Though it proves that crime does not pay, there is a borderline sympathy for the outlaws that leaves a bad impression. The screen is making a major mistake in its coy flirtations with criminal characters. (Columbia)

Shoddy is the film version of **ANNA LUCASTA**, with the characters, situations, and general atmosphere just about as morally off key as possible. The play by Philip Yordan, as presented on Broadway, offered a Negro cast. This screen version reverts to the original, with Paulette Goddard and Oscar Homolka playing the daughter-father antagonists in a narrative that starts off on an immoral key and plays the same monotonous note straight through. Decidedly not recommended on any score. (Columbia)

Evidently undisturbed by his American failures, Orson Welles turns up in the Italian-made adaptation of Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*. **BLACK MAGIC** is the title given this flamboyant and fantastic portrait of Calgiostro. Played with an amateurish flourish by the Welles company, and directed awkwardly by Gregory Ratoff, this simmers but never boils. It well earns the partly objectionable rating of the Legion of Decency. (United Artists)

Professional football comes to the fore in **INTERFERENCE**, which doesn't quite live up to its possibilities. The gridiron serves merely to frame a rather familiar and inconsequential tale of romantic involvements and the breakup of a marriage which cannot compete with success. Victor Mature and Lizabeth Scott, aided by Lucille Ball, carry the ball most of the way, but no touchdown is scored. (RKO-Radio)

THE GREAT SINNER is a curious concoction of continental story-telling, Hollywood-style emoting, and the anguish of a Dostoevsky novel. In detailing the moral disintegration of nineteenth-century European society, the picture fails to make either the evils of gambling or the regeneration of its principal characters sufficiently convincing to win the audience. Direction, acting, and the screenplay are far from expert, with the exception of Ethel Barrymore's brief bit as a woman who gambles away millions. Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Melvyn Douglas, Frank Morgan, and Walter Huston are swamped by the demands of a story that never knows the direction it will take. An expensively produced bore, this study in the evils of the roulette wheel leaves much to be desired. (M-G-M)

NOT WANTED purports to depict the problems of unwed mothers who must seek assistance in their plight. While the film unwinds with a minimum of sensationalism, there is far more bathos than pathos in the situation as presented here. Furthermore, no attempt is made to point up the moral aspects of the problem, nor is the implied wrongdoing given even casual reference. Two newcomers, Sally Forrest and Keefe Braselle, have the leads in this trite attempt to treat of a tragedy that requires far more than the true confession approach. (Film Classics)

A flippant farce starring Robert Montgomery, Ann Blyth, and Jane Cowl, **ONCE MORE, MY DARLING** is enacted with more skill than the slight story requires. Montgomery's whimsical characterization of a lawyer-actor-sleuth sets the pace for a moderately amusing tale of stolen German jewels which turn up in the possession of a feather-brained society deb. Alternately coy and amusing, this has all the substance of cotton candy and gives about as much satisfaction. Adult fluff saved from mediocrity by the star trio. (Universal-International)

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Teen-Age Orgies

IN THE SAME WEEK I read these two items. In a town in New Jersey which during July and August has a large summer population, there has been for the past few years an even larger one in the month of June. From other cities and towns come crowds of young people to spend week ends. With the boys and girls come chaperones also young—"worse than the kids," says the town mayor. "They go out and buy liquor for them." These young people are paying larger sums than the regular summer people who come later; some who stay a week pay as high as \$125. Technically they are supposed to be lodged separately, but the mayor of the little town tells an almost incredible story, even for today, of what goes on in these vacation cottages. These young people, he says, are "completely without morals and without restraint. They are intent only on getting as drunk and disorderly as possible." And this is not the gang element of city streets. They come, said the mayor, "from better homes."

Leaving aside the obvious questions—why do people for the sake of a larger sum of money allow such things, and why do parents give the young people money to do so in the first place?—there is of course the larger question: Why has this come about in our supposedly lawful communities?

The second item was in a letter from a Brooklyn woman, an answer to an earlier letter which lamented the fact that the two million Roman Catholic pupils in parochial schools are "withdrawn from the life of their communities." She, a Catholic herself, writes of the schools of thirty or forty years ago which she attended. There were not many Catholic schools then, she said, nor a great rush for building them, and she feels certain one reason was that the public schools were different in those days. The assembly opened in the morning with a verse from the Bible, and Jewish and Catholic classmates as well as the Protestants listened reverently. She does not remember anyone complaining about it and she is certain no child was hurt "by hearing God's name beginning his day." They sang hymns too—"Lead Kindly Light" and "Onward Christian Soldiers"—and everyone sang.

The Kindly Old, the Harsh New

BUT AS YEARS WENT BY and such things as Communism came to the Western world and so to the schoolrooms, much of this was stopped. Bible reading went out and mention of God was out too. From then began the rapid building of Catholic schools, often ahead of badly needed churches.

Now these two stories definitely belong together. They show the kindly old and the harsh new; the spreading of God's word and the spreading of complete godlessness, more euphoniously known, for some curious reason, as separation of church and state. That phrase suffers an odd sea change these days, when, for instance, it is used when discussing the allocation of public funds to Catholic schools. If the people who object to this were backers of the Russian system, it would not matter much. But it comes from people like Mrs. Roosevelt, who I am certain believes in God but I am afraid has, like other worried people, an idea that the Catholic child is being filled in parochial schools with odd ideas about the power of the Pope over this land of the

free. Strange how this fear still lingers, and stranger still that so uneducated a fear lingers among the educated and intelligent.

I am sure that the taking of religion—the simple sort which the letter writer from Brooklyn remembered nostalgically, a basic faith in God irrespective of sect—from the schools has helped to bring about such dreadful things as the story of the New Jersey summer resort. What do these objecting people expect—either Protestant or Jewish—would happen if every child in our public schools recited the Lord's Prayer every morning? Are they really afraid the arm of the Vatican would as a result draw every luckless reciter into its clutches? If they could only realize how difficult is the way of one who wants to enter the Catholic Church! The red carpet there is not outside the church for the enterer; the red carpet is before the altar of God.

The Plans are Simple

IN NEW YORK CITY the *Nation* was banned by the school board for a series of articles against the Catholic Church by a clever man who claims to know a good deal about the Church but has entirely missed the point of what and why she is. Why should a child read errors with no one to point out a possible other side?

Father Gillis said recently that the Communists' plan is basically very simple: they want to get rid of God. And the Catholic idea is equally simple: they want to keep God. Once the world had a vision of the City of God, says Stringfellow Barr in his new book; then man's vision was of the City of Man; today he has no vision at all or at best "a forlorn hope in a period when all other hopes seem more forlorn."

But Mr. Barr does not realize that the Catholic Church still contains the City of God—both vision and fulfillment.

All over the world today, excepting in a very few lands, men and women are risking their lives to prove they love God and want Him to stay with them. Only last week courageous clergy stood behind their beleaguered primate while the Communists roared of the Vatican's "illegal network which disrupts the peace and unity of the state." The Holy Father's brave spiritual gesture will make many stop and examine their consciences, and also brings new danger to many faithful souls.

And all we have to do in this country if we are not satisfied with some new or projected law is to write to our Congressman. No one will put us down in a black book as subversive. Catholics are as free as anybody to write as they think. And there is the vote. In this country sixteen million Catholics have the vote. At least half of them must be women. That makes a fine lot of votes, and I suggest that next time something big comes up, such as a bill which denies to Catholic American children such things as buses or school books or lunches paid out of state or federal funds—I suggest you get in touch with your Congressman and tell him how you feel about it. Primarily, of course, do this for the sake of the children who are growing up in this country. But there is a deeper reason: you will thus make clear that you are on the side of God.

MARY BAKER couldn't remember when she had been so excited. The Shakespeare class was to have a new instructor, and for this reason the ugly, beige-walled classroom seemed extraordinarily cheerful this morning. The new man was rumored to be English, fairly young, and unmarried, and in anticipation Mary had put two red ribbons in her hair and had even gone so far as to do her nails, unprecedented preparations for class. She and her friend, Marge Davis, had done nothing for days but speculate about Mr. Baldwin. They had decided that he would wear good, heavy tweeds, smoke a Sherlock Holmes kind of pipe, and—well, it was probably too much to hope for, but they thought it was possible, just possible, that he might look a little like David Niven.

Mr. Baldwin, when he appeared, didn't look like David Niven; as a matter of fact, he didn't look like anybody in particular, although his nose was almost the same shape as Basil Rathbone's. He walked in the door with a slight but dignified stoop, a vague sort of frown on his thin face, like a man looking for something but not quite remembering what it was. He wasn't wearing tweeds: his gray suit was made from some unidentifiable cloth from which most of the nap had been rubbed. The coat had a useless belt in back, was patched at the elbows with brown leather squares, and seemed to hang on him as though he had no shoulders. He wasn't smoking a curved pipe, either, but, after he took his place at the desk and began outlining his course in prim tones, he dexterously rolled half a dozen cigarettes. Mary wasn't disappointed; she was fascinated. He wasn't anything like she had thought he would be, but he was every bit as—well, as *English* as she had hoped.

"Kinda cute," Marge Davis whispered, hoarsely.

"Shh!" Mary admonished. She half-turned in her seat to see what could be holding Mr. Baldwin's gaze. He was staring out over the class, that same preoccupied frown on his face, but he didn't seem to be looking directly at anybody, or anything, as far as Mary could determine. It somehow annoyed her, or intrigued her; she couldn't decide which. During the rest of the class—and the rest of the term, for that matter—she never quite got over the feeling that Mr. Baldwin had singled out someone in the room to whom his remarks were addressed exclusively. And the odd thing, which she didn't

stop just then to analyze, was that this knowledge brought her a strange, mingled feeling of both regret and resentment.

Mr. Baldwin—his first name was Geoffrey, he told them, and then wrote it on the board in a precise hand—became no less interesting as the first class period went on. After telling them something of the direction their studies would take, he began to recite a moving passage from one of the Tragedies. It was so effective that even the girls who usually doodled on their notebooks or gossiped in whispers sat up and paid strict attention. His voice

Mary

an m

"perhaps... we might see each other then."

THE SIGN

was low and rich, his gestures were slow and dramatic, and his brown eyes seemed to contain unspoken pain. At the same time, he accompanied the words of the Bard with a set of movements that were, apparently, exclusively his own.

When he wasn't seated at the desk rolling cigarettes, he would be teetering precariously on the edge of his little platform. Sometimes, at some high point in a sentence, he would bend forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, his eyes staring over the heads of the class, his nose thrust forward like the prow of some frail boat, and

hold that unscholastic posture for a full half minute, apparently oblivious of the fact that gravity ordinarily didn't allow such things. At other times, he would leap to the corner of his desk and perch there like some gaunt, unkempt bird, his arms locked tightly around his legs. Finally, there was one exercise which Mary was completely at a loss to explain: he would back up to the blackboard, grasp the chalk tray in his hands, and rise in the air as though he were chinning himself, or doing a kind of standing-up push-up. He would go up slowly, supported by the chalk tray and his stiff arms, say a sentence or two, then lower himself gently to the floor. The entire class was waiting, some eagerly and some fearfully, for the tray to break off and for Mr. Baldwin to fall with a crash, but, although he performed this mysterious rite three times in that first period, the tray always held.

"Well!" said Marge, after class. "He's really something, isn't he?"

"What?" Mary asked, vaguely.

"Mr. Baldwin, stupid! What do you think of him?"

Mary, with some difficulty, managed a shrug. "Well, he's—well, you know. Kind of nondescript, wouldn't you think?" She made her voice as disinterested as possible.

"I can see how you wouldn't be interested," Marge said. "After all, you've got Robert."

That was true: Mary did have Robert. He had been at school the year before, and Mary had dated him for about three months—not because she was particularly interested in him but mostly because he was a good dancer, very attentive, and often said funny, unexpected things. It had been fun going out with him. Just before he'd transferred to Chicago U. he'd tried to give her his pin, which she'd refused. She was still much too young she had decided sensibly, to become involved with anyone. But she and Robert had kept up a correspondence in a more or less regular manner, and the other girls generally regarded Mary as Robert's girl. She was even accustomed to regarding herself this way, although not without some accompanying flurry of rebellion.

Now, however, as she reflected upon Mr. Baldwin's entrance into her life, she was filled with annoyance with Marge for reminding her of Robert. After all, Robert was such a child: his voice often cracked in the middle of a sentence when he was angry or excited, and he used to wear navy blue

neckties with green suits. Robert's idea of poetry was the kind of limericks the boys used to tell each other in private at dances. Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand—well, Mary thought, even if his behavior in class was a little odd, you could see immediately that he was a man of taste and restraint. And his voice!—she thought she had never heard such a voice. It was almost better than Ronald Colman's.

IN the days that followed, Mary began to think about Mr. Baldwin a good deal—more than she knew, in fact, and certainly more than she would have admitted. She also studied her Shakespeare with an industry that she brought to no other subject on her schedule. She completed each assignment as conscientiously as she knew how, she memorized long passages from such relatively obscure plays as *Coriolanus* and *Titus Andronicus*, and, when Mr. Baldwin asked questions in class, her hand was always the first in the air. She began looking forward impatiently to her first private conference with him.

The meeting was scheduled for one-thirty on a Tuesday afternoon, but Mary began getting ready about nine that morning. Her hands trembled as she brushed her hair and applied her lipstick, and by the time she opened the door of Mr. Baldwin's tiny office she was so excited she could scarcely speak. She could only sit uneasily on the edge of her chair and stare at him.

Up close, Mr. Baldwin looked just as attractive as he had looked standing before the class, although not quite in the way that Mary was accustomed to. She noticed for the first time that his wispy brown hair was rather sparse and not too clean, that he needed a haircut, that his cuffs were greasy and frayed, that his vest was stained with three distinct blotches, and that there were many more wrinkles on his forehead than she had been able to discern from the fifth row. Mary was neither dismayed nor disappointed. The truth is, she told herself, that the English don't bathe as often as Americans do (because of their old-fashioned plumbing, someone had told her), and he is a bachelor and probably forgets to send out his laundry and suits, and his gray eyes are nice, and he can't be too old, because lots of men are prematurely bald, and . . .

"What are you looking at, Miss Baker?" Mr. Baldwin asked, abruptly.

It had never occurred to her that he would ask such a question, and she

mr. baldwin

Dinner and...

by
REBECCA H. GEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. KALAN

was caught. She blurted, "Your collar."
"Oh," he said, without a trace of surprise. He touched it with the tip of one bony finger. "Oh, yes. Yes, it is wearing out, isn't it?"

Mary considered fleeing the room, but Mr. Baldwin seemed neither ruffled nor even disturbed. He began reading the outline she had submitted for her paper on Falstaff as though nothing had happened. She was tremendously grateful. At length he said, "I think your outline is eminently acceptable."

"Thank you," Mary said, her voice shaking a little. She gathered up her things and prepared to leave.

His voice halted her. "Ah—how old are you, Miss Baker?"

Color flooded her face. "Sixteen."

He explored his collar with the same long finger. "I thought so. Good day, Miss Baker."

Feeling both crushed and inflated, Mary left in some confusion. On the way back to the dormitory, she stopped in her tracks: she wondered if he might be standing there in his office subtracting sixteen from thirty-eight or nine, which was what she and Marge had decided that he must be. She began to walk again, slowly, ignoring the girls who called greetings as they passed. He had, unquestionably, aroused in her an emotion which she could not quite understand. It was, she told herself, outrageously beyond possibility—yet it was so close to the border that she couldn't dismiss it.

It was this feeling—this certainty and uncertainty—that made her subsequent sessions alone with Mr. Baldwin so significant; this, and the knowledge, obtained by discreet questioning of Marge and the other girls, that his behavior toward them was altogether different. He didn't offer the others

his hand-rolled cigarettes, for example; he confined his conversations with them to Shakespeare, while he would talk to Mary of his days at Cambridge and of experiences he had had at Amherst, where he had taught previously; and he didn't rise and gallantly hold their coats when he dismissed them.

Mary then began a series of efforts to make Mr. Baldwin notice her in class as well as in conference. She would make a lot of unnecessary commotion taking off her coat or handing in papers; she dropped rulers or pencils in the middle of his speeches. All these maneuvers did no good whatever. Although he was kind and even attentive in their private sessions, he seemed completely unaware of her as an individual during his lectures. She began to wonder if he were not that way — intimate and confiding — with everyone else in conference. It was possible that the other girls simply had been lying about his behavior, Mary thought. Yet each remark he made in private took on added significance.

One day he said to her, casually, with (she thought) a suggestion of a twinkle in his eye, "You know, Miss Baker, for a person who hasn't the slightest interest in Shakespeare, you're applying yourself awfully well."

Mary didn't know what to say; covered with confusion, she blushed, just as she had the first day. When the session was over, she rushed back to the dorm on legs that had to walk fast to keep from trembling. That night she dreamed about him: it wasn't much of a dream, but she remembered it for several days afterward. She and Mr. Baldwin were having dinner in The Hole, a small restaurant near the campus. The place was somehow different: instead of the plain, scarred

wooden tables, there were small taborets with white cloths—the lamps were soft, the silver was beautiful, and there was music. All her friends were there, dressed as usual in skirts and sweaters or shirts and levis, but she and Mr. Baldwin were in formal dress, and everybody was staring at them. As they were dining, he recited a passage from *King Richard III*, and it was so beautiful that when she awakened she wanted to cry.

SOMEHOW, during the next few days, she found out where he lived—it was in a boardinghouse near the campus—and took to sauntering by as though bound on some errand. He never showed himself, and, if he saw her pass, he didn't mention it. She then began to forget things, purposely, in the classroom and would make a show of going back for them after all the other students had gone out. Mr. Baldwin, sitting calmly at his desk, scarcely looked up when she re-entered.

She began to hope—one night she even prayed—for some sign that would tell her that he felt as she did. And yet, she couldn't even be sure *how* she felt: all she knew was that he was one of the most interesting and, yes, the most exciting men she had ever met. So she went on hoping for the sign, and then one day, almost accidentally, it came.

It happened as she was leaving the conference room. She turned suddenly and collided with him as he was opening the door, and her books dropped to the floor. Both she and Mr. Baldwin stooped for them at the same time and bumped heads. Mary giggled nervously, but Mr. Baldwin didn't smile at all. He simply gave her a long, penetrating stare. After that, she couldn't sleep for two nights. It seemed to her that he finally had betrayed his feelings—his intentions, even. And yet—as the days wore on and as he failed to notice her in class—she couldn't be certain.

The coffee-and-cookies sessions in the dorm late at night were full of talk of Mr. Baldwin. The girls discussed his clothes, his haircut, his tobacco-stained fingers, everything. Everyone, it was clear, had a crush on him—everyone, it seemed, but Mary, who pretended to be completely unconcerned.

Thus the weeks went by, and finally the last conference was approaching. Mary tried to postpone thinking about it; but of course it crowded all else out of her mind for days beforehand. She spent a great deal of time trying to decide what dress to wear and ultimately came to the conclusion that none of the ones she owned were quite right. So she went downtown and



Too Good to Last

► A murder trial was in progress in the backwoods courtroom, but the defendant had not appeared before the bench.

"Where's the defendant?" the judge drawled.

A lanky individual arose from his seat in the jury box.

"What are you doing over there?" the judge asked.

"They picked me," was the reply.

"But you can't be both defendant and a juror," the judge explained.

"No?" asked the hillbilly. "I was thinkin' I was kinda lucky."

—*Anthology of Anecdotes (Droke)*

bought a new one, far more expensive than she would have chosen ordinarily.

The night before the conference, she went to bed at eight o'clock—to make sure her complexion would be clear, she explained to herself. The next morning she got up, had a leisurely bath, went out to breakfast and found she couldn't eat, came back and had another bath. She put on high heels and stockings, which were almost unheard-of on the campus except for dances and dinner dates, and she spent more time on her make-up than she'd ever spent before. As she was going out, a quick glance in the mirror assured her that she had never looked better. But she couldn't be sure that he would notice.

In the hall, as she was leaving the room, she almost bumped into Marge.

"Going somewhere?" Marge asked. "What're you doing all dressed up?"

"No," said Mary. "I mean nowhere special. Conference." The moment she spoke, she regretted it.

Marge was silent for a moment, and Mary thought, angrily, that she could detect some secret amusement in the former's eyes.

"Well," said Mary uneasily. "I guess I'd better be going along."

"Yes," said Marge. "I guess you'd better." She gave a kind of half laugh and went into her room.

Mary's face was still hot when she reached Mr. Baldwin's office. To make matters worse, for one terrible second she thought he hadn't come. But, she saw with relief, he had been standing at the window. He turned when he heard her. "I saw you coming," he said, softly. "You're looking particularly charming today . . . Mary."

IT was the first time he had called her anything but "Miss Baker," and no one in her whole life had ever said that she looked particularly charming. "Thank you," she said, rather weakly and sat down across the desk from him.

Mr. Baldwin dismissed her term paper quickly, although it seemed to Mary that it took him hours. It was "eminently acceptable," as he had told her it would be when she had first outlined it to him. Her mark for the term would be a B. He handed the paper across to her, then settled back in his chair. "And now," he said, with a trace of a sigh and a slight, wan smile, "and now . . . the summer. What are your plans, Mary?"

"I'm going to Chicago to get a summer job," she told him. And, with what she hoped was just the right amount of impersonal yet friendly interest: "And you?"

RUSH, WINDS, RUSH

by RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

*Rush toward the west,
winds:
the fields are full,
in Kansas and in Iowa, of sunlight and corn?*

*The hay scents all the sun in Illinois;
in Wisconsin, all the grains
wait in the fields margined by elms
among the regal sumac.*

*Rush, winds, toward the west:
in Wisconsin, in the fields
margined by elms among sumac,
all the wheat attends.*

*Rush, winds, toward the west;
rush like boys freed from the schools,
boisterously, too full of leaps
for the size of their shoes.*

*Rush, winds, toward the west:
the hayfields want to play leapfrog,
the corn will bend
when you leap over the rows.*

*All the grains wave
and beckon, all the clover-scented hay
of every hayfield
waits.*

"Really," he said, gesturing, "I haven't quite made up my mind, you know. I may stay here—or I may go East. I have some friends in Massachusetts. Probably go through Chicago, as a matter of fact, if I go East . . ." He smiled one of his rare full smiles and followed it up with the sharp look—the same look, she realized breathlessly, that he had used the day their heads bumped. "Perhaps," he added, tentatively, "perhaps . . . we might see each other there. Dinner, perhaps, and . . ."

Mary spoke before she realized what she was saying. "Oh," she cried, "that would be wonderful!" Then she raised her eyes, and in that instant she saw his hands, long and skeletal, fumbling with one of the wispy rolled cigarettes: his hands, his greasy cuffs, his enfeebled and colorless suit, the lines on his sal-low forehead. "I'd like . . ." she rushed on, but then something that was almost fright, real and swift, caught the words in her throat. She had a queerly vivid picture of herself sitting opposite him in a restaurant, a Chicago restaurant, she in her best dress, he in his shabby gray suit, and the other diners watching them.

"Yes, Mary?" he said, in a strange voice. "You would meet me there?"

She thought that she couldn't go on,

but she had to. "Yes," she said, her mind working frantically, "I mean I'd like to . . . well, I'd like this friend of mine, he used to be here at school, and I'd like him to meet you. I mean I'd like you to meet him, and maybe we—I mean the three of us . . ." she trailed off, bravely trying to keep the panic and confusion off her face.

Mr. Baldwin just said, "I see." There was something very final about the way he said it. "Well, good luck . . . Miss Baker."

"Thank you," Mary stammered. "Have a nice summer. I mean . . ." She fumbled with her purse and gloves, and it took her a long time to get the door open. But once in the corridor, as though afraid she would change her mind, she ran—down the hall, down the stairs, across the campus, into the dorm, into her room.

SHE saw him once more, after that, at baccalaureate services. She didn't believe that he saw her. He was sitting erect in his pew, staring straight before him, as though his gaze were fixed on some point just above the speaker's head. His gown, at the neck, showed a small patch of gray shirt and frayed collar, and his hair seemed longer than ever before. After a few seconds, Mary looked away.

Red Front warms up again in Italy

The Democratic victory last spring was by no means final.

Moscow agents, in unobtrusive fashion, are busy at work restoring their power and prestige

Red leader, Palmiro Togliatti, addresses a large gathering in Rome. At present he is using "legal" means to regain power.



Sibilla Aleramo, leading Marxist writer, has the important job of arousing interest in the cause.



The work of ex-Fascist Massimo Bontempelli is to increase membership among intellectuals.

THE hydra-headed organism of the Communist Party in Italy has not totally succumbed to the vast blow of last Spring's elections. Nurtured directly from Moscow, it continues to lick its wounds and is preparing to make a strong bid for more than a token comeback in the near future. It has not been making the headlines. The Party wants it that way. The Party line calls for unobtrusive and legal methods which must stop short of violence.

THE SIGN



In Rome, agents *provocateurs* mix with housewives and indolent youths to rekindle the Red spirit.



To forestall government troops, the Reds throw cobblestones on the streets before a strike vote.



The Communist Headquarters in Rome. Over three hundred thousand agents operate out of here.



New party members who are ready for the revolt. They refuse to work, and live off the black market.

The Communists are using every means possible to regain their lost power. Antiwar propaganda against the Western powers has increased membership to well over two million. There are repeated attacks on the Marshall Plan, and the government is constantly ridiculed. As all know, the Reds are experts at throwing mud, and the mud is clogging the wheels of government in Italy. Their biggest obstacle now is papal excommunication.

September, 1949

A
SIGN
PICTURE
ARTICLE



two BLACK BOYS

by CLARA LAIDLAW

ILLUSTRATED BY FELIX PALM

THE little black boys, Samuel and Hamuel, were the first, indeed the only, Negro children I'd ever had in my classes in Northford. I remember very well the first time I saw them, on Wednesday, the second day of school, when my freshman math class assembled for the first time.

They sidled into the room shyly, after all the white children had rushed in to begin disputing noisily over the choice seats in the back of the room. The black boys hesitated just inside the door, looking around in a bewildered way, and then they slid quickly into two empty front seats. I couldn't help noticing how bent and shriveled and small their bodies were. Obviously they were twins, but even the usual physical retardation of twin children did not explain all their difference from the robust white children. There was hunger in the shallowness of their chests, and their thin, bent shoulders told of hard work beyond their years. When they sat down, the seats were almost ludicrously large for them.

The white children buzzed and tussled until I called them to order, but the little black boys sat like twin statues, their eyes gleaming white as they stared at me, their round, fluted lips sober and still. They had cheap, new dime-store tablets before them on their desks and penny pencils, the dull

Weep not for the little black boys, for theirs was the inheritance
of the poor in spirit and the clean of heart

brown ones with pointed erasers wedged into the tops.

When I asked them, as I had the others, if they wanted to be called by their full names or by nicknames, the frozen stillness of their faces broke for the first time, and the one nearest the blackboard said, his white teeth flashing, "I'm Sammy. He's Hammy."

Some of the little girls behind him began to giggle. I nodded hurriedly and said, "All right, boys, Sammy and Hammy it shall be," and turned quickly to take up the first lesson.

As the days and weeks went by, I paid little attention to the twins. They were quiet and sober and good. They never whispered to anyone and no one whispered to them. I grew used to seeing their black faces staring blankly up at me, or their kinky black heads bent laboriously over their work. With diminished penny pencils clutched tightly in skinny, black fingers, they worked hour after hour to produce grubby papers covered with painfully worked problems, all wrong. The class was a slow one; but, of all the group, Sammy and Hammy were the slowest. If, after weeks of work, they became finally convinced that if A and B, working alone, could each do a piece of work in six days, working together they could do it in three, then the next day they would be equally certain that if one tablet costs ten cents, two would cost five.

I used to find myself scolding them occasionally, and they would look up at me with remorse in their liquid black eyes, their mouths drawn down into a mask of guilty grief.

Once I said, "Oh, Sammy and Hammy, what am I to do with you?" and Hammy said, "We're sorry we's so dumb, Miz Carey." Then he smiled and Sammy smiled, like two bad little dogs trying to be ingratiating. So we were friends again, and I began writing on their papers, to their innocent delight, "This is better than yesterday's paper," or "Fine! You had two problems right today," instead of the bare O's and 20's they really earned.

One day I found a paper of Hammy's from which the comment I had written had been neatly cut.

"We saves them," Hammy said shyly when I questioned him. "Our mammy pastes 'em in a big book we got from the tailor shop. She say—'t aint every boy gets him so many nice words said to him—least, not every black boy."

II

"Those twins!" the other teachers groaned. Poor little black boys, they couldn't do anything at all. The other children shunned them, too, it seemed, and their days would have been sad indeed had they not had each other for company. Each day, they brought their dinners and sat alone on the steps eating their plain bread from a paper sack, while the other children ate and played noisily in the lunchroom.

Sammy and Hammy would sit watching the antics of their fellows with eager interest and delight, whispering to each other, chuckling companionably at whatever pleased them, but never offering to join the fun. The apparent contentment in their isolation puzzled me until one day Sammy said, concerning another matter, "Our mammy say—you twins, so you be twins together," and I understood what the mother was doing for them: making the gulf between white and black be their choice, guarding them thus from fear and from desire for what they couldn't have, making them self-sufficient in their twoness.

Still, their aloofness bothered me. I didn't want to make an issue of it, but when two or three boys or girls would come in to discuss class politics or the play, or to get news for the paper, or just to visit, I'd begin in a roundabout way to talk about democracy and the American dream and the Golden Rule, and finally, as offhandedly as I could, by way of illustration, I'd bring in Sammy's and Hammy's need of friends. The boys and girls would say, "Yes, Miss Carey," "Of course, Miss Carey," but the shadow would come down over their faces. They would look secretive and stubborn, and I knew they'd been talked to at home.

In a way, you couldn't blame their parents. The twins lived alone with their mother in an old shack 'way down at the shore. At first the black woman had gone about asking for work for herself and her boys, and she had done washing for a few ladies until it had got around that Cash Benson, the town's ne'er-do-well, had been seen hanging around the shack. Now she and

CLARA LAIDLAW is a Michigan-born short story writer. As our Encore Story we present a story by Miss Laidlaw which originally appeared in the *Atlantic* under the title, "The Little Black Boys."

the boys managed to live with no apparent means of support, and lately when the woman came to town everyone could see that she was visibly big with child. "Cash's nigger woman," the men on the street corners called her, guffawing as she passed. No wonder white parents kept their children from making friends with her boys.

She had gone to the Swedish Baptist Church twice when she had first come to town, taking the boys, stiff and clean in their patched Sunday suits. "I been baptized and bred up pure Baptist," she had told Reverend Swanson proudly, hesitantly accepting his proffered hand as he had bade her good day at the door of the church. Behind her the Swedish Baptist ladies had whispered and stared. The next Sunday, when she and the boys had taken their seats humbly in the last pew, there had begun a rustling as, one by one, some irately, some shamefully, the white ladies had risen and left the church. The black woman had stayed for the service, though Sammy and Hammy, watching her face, had begun to cry. She had never come again.

The way things were, there didn't seem much I could do except be especially nice to Sammy and Hammy, and that was hard, too, because I certainly couldn't praise their work, and to treat them differently from the others would have antagonized the white children and made things harder for the twins.

Toward spring it came time to have the annual freshman party. We had a class meeting, and the youngsters decided to charge twenty-five cents a ticket to pay for the lunch and to have dancing and a program. Miss Carey, of course, was to help with the program. I always got that!

"Mr. President," I said (We try to teach them to observe parliamentary procedure, heaven help us!) "Mr. President, may I say a word?"

"Keep still, you kids," the class president yelled gallantly. "Miss Carey's got sumpin' to tell you."

WHEN approximate quiet had been achieved, I said, "The program committee and I are going to need help, so if you can play a musical instrument, or sing, or dance, or recite, or stand on your head . . ." (Hoots from the class. "Miss Carey made a joke! Listen to her!") "why, come and tell us. We need talent."

Then, before the tumult could get under way again, I added, remembering the time I had missed the eighth-grade picnic because my mother had been away visiting, and I had been too proud to borrow from the neighbors, "And another thing—sometimes twenty-

five cents is hard to get hold of, so if there's anyone who wants to go to the party but who hasn't the money at the time, why, you just come to me, privately, and we'll fix it up."

The next day after school, I was correcting papers when the door opened and the twins sidled in. My heart sank. After all, did it matter what one apple cost if a dozen cost twenty-five cents?

Sammy's black face glistened, and he moistened his lips with a pale tongue. "Us . . . us . . ." he whispered.

"We's got us each a box," said Hammy quickly from over Sammy's slight shoulder. His eyes rolled toward his brother fearfully. Obviously, it was not what they had intended to tell me.

"A box?" I echoed, a little relieved that the bewildering price of apples was not in question.

"A gittar," explained Sammy, his black face deadly serious. "We each got us a gittar. We plays us gittar music."

"Also, us . . . we sings," nodded Hammy enticingly. They obviously wanted me to say something. Their eyes begged me to say it, but I could not imagine what it was. It somehow never occurred to me that the two black boys would be coming to see me about the party.

But that was it. Sammy and Hammy

• Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness.

—WILLIAM WATSON

wanted to go to the party, and, moreover, they wanted to be on the program.

"But I ain't got no two-bits," said Sammy, his mouth drooping sadly.

"Nor me," echoed Hammy. "You said—come to you, Miz Carey . . ." His voice died away plaintively.

"We'll work for you—hard," offered Sammy.

Their eyes held mine apprehensively, like spaniels' eyes, hoping for a kind word.

"That's fine," I said with unnecessary vigor. "Fine! I'll put you down for the program. And don't you worry about the money. Your music will pay your way."

It was the wrong thing to say. I knew it when the boys stiffened into black statues and their faces hardened into expressionless masks.

"Our mammy say—work for what you gets," Hammy said at last, adding with sober dignity, "So we works for you."

"Yes," I said quickly, "maybe you'd better, so the others won't be jealous and think I like you best."

A look of blind adoration came into

Sammy's face, and Hammy grinned in a pleased sort of way.

So it was fixed. I gave the boys the tickets, ostentatiously taking fifty cents out of my purse and putting it ceremoniously into the "party box." The work was to be done later when I needed something done.

III

AS the day for the party approached, excitement ran high in the freshman class. The twins whispered to me that they had been "practicing up," and the sight of their raptly pleased faces intensified in me a little feeling of doubt I'd been trying to suppress. What, I thought, if the white children should be unkind to the black boys? What if the others on the program should refuse to appear with them? And what about the dance? What little girl would dance with them—and would I want her to, if she would?

I needn't have worried about the program. Apparently no parental ultimatum had been laid down. Perhaps no one had mentioned that the black boys were to make music, or perhaps the hours of the party were to be a sort of secular Truce of God wherein even black boys with a bad mother could have their hour of fun.

The party was to begin at eight, and at seven-thirty the gym was almost filled with children, all the little girls in bright new party dresses, with their hair tortured into elaborate beauty-parlor curls, sitting shyly on one side of the decorated gym, while all the little boys, dressed uncomfortably in new suits, with their damp hair brushed to alarming neatness, were seated on the other. The problem of the first half of the evening, as far as we teachers were concerned, was to coax the two groups, much against their wills, to consent to dance together, while the problem of the last half was to pry them apart, and get them home before irate parents began telephoning.

But first came the program. Promptly at eight, since everyone had already been there for at least a half-hour, the curtain went up, after several false starts and muffled grunts from the laboring stagehands.

Mary Ellen Adams and Jo Anne Merrill gave their usual military tap-dance, which, since Mary Ellen is short and fat and lazy, and Jo Anne tall and thin and active, was rather far from the military effect desired. Little Genevieve Johnson sang "Ciribiribin," which she pronounced "See-ree-bee-ree-bean" for some unknown reason, and, with practically no encouragement, graciously added the encore, "Blue in the Night." Glen Tillman played an excruciating

violin solo, during which, mercifully, one string broke, so that the rest of the solo was, by anybody's mathematics, only three-fourths as bad as the first.

Then the twins came out from the opposite side of the stage, hesitating, looking dwarfed and lonely under the floodlights, black faces glistening and fearful, patched Sunday best pressed within an inch of its life. They clutched their cheap "gittars," looked out uncertainly at the darkened gym, struck a few chords, and then they sang.

I don't remember much else, not even what they sang. There was stamping of feet when they finished, and shouting. They sang song after song. They sang as the class danced, when it did dance. They sang with the Capehart and without it. They sang while the lunch was passed out until the class president himself brought them two heaped plates and clapped each of the boys on the shoulder by way of congratulation, while the class cheered through mouthfuls of sandwich and cake and waved pop bottles in the air.

They never left the stage all evening. Now, at last, something was well with them: the little black boys, for whom 3 x 8 was a variable, could sing.

IV

AFTER that, school was their heaven. Boys and girls who couldn't play with them outside never failed to call: "Hi, Ham! Hi, Sam!" in school. Math homework papers grew mysteriously accurate though tests still revealed the most abysmal misconceptions concerning mathematical practice. Even the seniors had them sing at their class party. They made the senior glee club, though they had feared before to try out for the junior one.

And they haunted my footsteps with a doglike persistence that came near to wearing me out.

"When we going to work out that fifty cents, Miz Carey, ma'am?"

"When the frost is out of the ground," I explained for the tenth time, "I want you to spade my flower garden."

A day later: "When that frost get outa that ground?"

"Not for two weeks, at least."

Two days later: "That frost gone yet, Miz Carey?"

"Not yet," patiently.

"My! My! Sure stays a long time—that frost!"

When at last the frost did depart, the two black boys attacked my little garden spot with a vigor it had never known before. They trailed quack-grass roots to their remotest hiding places and exterminated them forever. They spaded and weeded and spaded again.



"Our mammy say—work good"

"That's a great deal of work for fifty cents," I teased at last, a little troubled at the sight of their thin, bent backs stooping over my garden so long.

"Our mammy say—work good," Sammy said firmly, and Hammy's monkey-thin face echoed the stubborn set of his brother's jaw.

"You give us those seeds—we plant 'em," Hammy called pleadingly.

They planted my seeds, they hovered over the new little shoots, they weeded and watered and tended. I tried to give them extra pay, but they stiffened with hurt pride.

"Our mammy say—you take good care o' Miz Carey's garden, for she been purely good to you."

So I gave up in despair and let them do as they wished. I did all I could to get my neighbors to give them odd jobs, but only a few did, for the black boys' mother had had her baby, a girl baby, almost white, old Dr. Bates said, with hair like Cash Benson's.

In school the boys still haunted my room after class. They'd sit staring at my face, saying never a word until I had finished my work, and then not much unless I set the pace.

One afternoon I'd been reading a volume of Blake's poems, and on an impulse I asked them if they'd like me to read them a poem about a little black boy. I didn't think they'd understand a word of it, but I love to read poetry aloud, even if it's only to myself. Only after I had started to read did it occur to me that the black boys might read into it something that Blake had never intended, that I might be shaking their protective unawareness, might be emphasizing their difference in a way bad for them. But I had started and I had to go on.

They sat still as statues while I read:—

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O, my soul is white!

White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,

She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look at the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;

And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,

Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice,'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy.

When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;

And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

I WATCHED their faces as I finished. They were still and solemn but radiant.

"Our mammy say—heaven's like that," Hammy said softly at last.

"Who that man say all that?" Sammy whispered in an awed voice.

"William Blake, a very great poet."

"He a preacher, Miz Carey, I bet?"

Hammy asked, looking at me hopefully.

"No, not exactly," I answered, and saw the radiance in their faces dim at my words. Impulsively I added, "But he was a man who thought he spoke with angels, and . . . and he wrote 'as one having authority, and not as the scribes!'" And I found myself telling them how Blake, dying, sang of the glories of heaven opening before his dimming eyes.

Hammy's face shone, and his teeth flashed in a grin of solemn delight.

"He sure knew—that white man!"

"God sure told him sumpin," Sammy affirmed, nodding deeply.

"Read it again, please, Miz Carey," said Sammy suddenly.

I read it again, and they both sighed with one accord.

"That's better'n music," Hammy whispered. "Read it once more again? Huh? Please?"

I laughed and shut the book. "No, twice is enough. Some other day, perhaps."

But I never read it to them again.

As he went out of the door, Sammy turned. "You like rock gardens, Miz Carey?"

"Why, yes, of course," I said, "But if you're thinking . . . You've done altogether too much . . ."

"We knows a place," Hammy was saying dreamily, "a place where there's moss like a feather bed an' little white violets that's sweet as Jesus' breath . . ."

V

That was the last I was ever to see them. They rowed across to the place they knew after supper that night, a marshy island not very far offshore. Folks who saw them start said the water was choppy as they were going over. Coming back the boat overturned, and before the men could get to them they were drowned.

I heard the next morning in school.

The late May sun was warm on my hair that day, when school was over and I was plodding along the beach toward the Negro woman's shack. The silvery sand filtered into my slippers and dribbled out with each difficult step. Under the slanting sun the smooth blue waves lapped the shore and retreated in little slipping movements, as if they had never known storms or death.

Around the shack the rank shore grasses had been cleared away with scrupulous care, and in the shifting sand a few drooping plants gave evidence of the twins' efforts to make a garden of their own.

She opened the rough, tar-paper-covered door when I knocked—a thin, worn woman of about forty, with the fine features and liquid eyes one sometimes sees in people of her race. Her lined black face was masklike in its calm, but the eyes themselves were alive and tragic.

I don't remember what inadequate thing I said to her, but she must have felt my sorrow reaching out to hers, for she thanked me with something of the boys' doglike look in her eyes.

"They loved you so, Miz Carey," she said strangely, and I had the feeling that behind her simple words there was something strong and seeking, something she wanted of me—wanted badly, if only I could find out what it was.

She asked me in with homely courtesy.

The one room was painfully neat and bare. In a broken tumbler on the table a small bunch of short-stemmed white violets was beginning to droop, and on the ledge of one window I saw the purple tulips I had given Hammy two days before. A table, three old chairs—one with no back—a small camp stove, and two camp cots were the only furnishings. The floor, rough and splintered from much scrubbing, was immaculate.

That space of floor seemed to me that day to be waiting mutely—waiting for the boys, who hadn't yet been brought back in their cheap little coffins. People never knew until long afterwards that it was Cash Benson who had paid for it all, giving them the best funeral he could afford. That, at least, is to his credit, though he went off the next week and never came back. Reverend Swanson, too, came, the good old man, although he had to face the disapproval of the Swedish Baptist ladies to do it. I've thought of it often since and blessed the kindness of his gentle old heart.

But that day there were just the two of us. I sat by the table, and the after-

• The tight skirts of Prejudice shorten the steps of Progress.

—WESLEY NEWS

noon sun through the only window threw the shadow of Hammy's tulips across the bare floor.

The boys' mother stood by the other side of the table, black and monumental and unweeping, staring at me with that queer, tense look, seeming about to speak and then closing her lips.

The baby began to cry, and she went over and picked the little thing up from the bed, blindly, as if she hardly knew what she did. After a moment she sat down opposite me, rocking the child gently in her arms.

Awkwardly I tried to comfort her, saying it was good she had the girl baby to fill a part of her heart. She looked at me strangely across the sun-mottled oilcloth, her ugly black face sharp with pain.

"But they was my true-born child'en," she said, as if reasoning with one who was dull of understanding. Slowly she looked down at the whimpering infant in her arms. "She white man's child, poor little thing."

Then she looked me straight in the eyes, not doglike but womanlike.

"I was all alone," she said simply.

I tried to speak, but there was nothing to say now.

When I started to go at last, it was with the feeling of how very futile my visit had been, of how empty words of

sympathy were to this grieving woman.

She rose reluctantly when I did, saying softly, "You was good as she said you was to come . . ." Then she added, pleadingly, as if she feared I would misunderstand, "But it ain't fitten you come no more. Besides . . ." Her voice caught, but she swallowed and went patiently on, "Besides it be best you remember Hamuel and Samuel as they was—yestiday."

I nodded mutely, and she seemed satisfied that I had not misunderstood or taken offense.

But on the doorstep she stopped me again, hesitating, uncertain, and I knew that the thing that was haunting her was still unsaid. I could feel the conflict of urgency and fear in her, the tension and the longing, but I had to watch her helplessly, hoping she would speak, afraid to ask for fear what I might say would be wrong.

She drew a deep breath then, throwing her head back nervously. Her eyes were shining and fearful, and the words, when they came, were slurred and hurried, breathless.

"Last night—suppertime—Hammy 'n Sammy, they full of some word-song you read 'em. They say—it better'n music. They go away singin' it to them two . . . Something about—black boys? You remember, Miz Carey, ma'am?"

Her breast rose and fell in agitation, and the child, awakening again, began to cry.

"I'll send you a copy," I said thickly. "A poem I read to them."

She shook her head. "You say it to me, please? I never did learn book reading."

I turned my head away, thinking of the scrapbook of "nice words" she had kept for her boys.

What I could remember, garbled, imperfect, half-forgotten, I tried to say, remembering the two thin, black faces lifted to mine in the quiet of the dusty schoolroom.

She was very still when I had finished, but her face was bright with a faith I could never know.

"My Hammy and Sammy?" she said wonderingly. "Maybe they God's white lambs today?"

And then she wept, putting her face down against the baby in her arms. "Oh, bless God," she whispered brokenly. "Blessed God, make it so. Sweet Jesus, make it so."

I touched her hand silently in farewell and went away. At the gate, when I turned and looked back, she had lifted her head, and I saw that she was looking far out over the water, gazing across at the distant shoreline of that green, marshy island where the moss is like a feather bed and the little white violets are as sweet as Jesus' breath.

We had our Chance in China

A Far East expert uncovers a long-forgotten proposal that might have changed the history of China from war and chaos to peace and prosperity

by HALLETT ABEND

TODAY the pessimists tell us as a nation that it is "too late to do anything about China," and that once the Communists are firmly entrenched there it will be only a question of time before all of east Asia is under Moscow's domination.

And yet we had our big chance in China. We were officially asked for aid and were promised a paramount position there. We could have kept Russian influence out of China, could have prevented a quarter of a century of civil war in that unhappy land. But we shortsightedly refused to go to China's help, and only then did China turn to Russia, permit the Communist Party to rise to power, and begin accepting Russian arms, munitions, money, and advisers.

These secret events, now of mounting importance to history, occurred late in 1922 and early in 1923. Douglas Jenkins was the American Consul General in Canton at that time, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen, China's great revolutionary leader, was making his headquarters in the fortified Canton Arsenal.

Dr. Sun, a disillusioned and disappointed man, was very ill. He feared—and the fear proved well-grounded—that he was dying of cancer. Harassed by worry over the future of his country, Dr. Sun decided to turn to the United States for help.

At that time Dr. Sun was in military and political control of only a small wedge of South China. His army, based upon Canton, was small and inefficient. Most of the rest of the country was in the hands of provincial war lords. The so-called "Government of China," which all of the powers recognized, had

little actual authority beyond the walls of ancient Peking, the capital.

Because of these conditions, Mr. Jenkins was cautious, perturbed, and suspicious when a messenger brought to him a written request for a private and secret appointment with Sun Yat-sen to be held after dark. But he acceded to the request and invited the Chinese leader to dinner at eight o'clock in the evening.

Conversation between the two men was wary and uninteresting while dinner was being served, but after the brandies had been poured and the servants had been dismissed Dr. Sun suddenly became startlingly frank.

"I am a sick and weary man," he began. "For much of my life I lived abroad as an underground revolutionary worker. I was a hunted man with a price on my head, but I was always sustained by the conviction that if we could throw out the corrupt Manchu Dynasty China would then become a great and powerful Republic.

"But eleven years have now passed since the Revolution was successful in 1911, and each year has brought to me a greater measure of disillusion. I fear that I am a dying man, and I fear that after my death China will sink into a long period of conflict and chaos and will become so weak that predatory land-hungry powers may bring an end to our national existence.

"I see no hope for China now, unless the United States will take the lead in forwarding the plan I am about to propose. And I promise you and the American Government that if my plan is adopted I will spend the rest of my life, whether that is to be meas-



International
Sun Yat-sen: The sick and weary old man had a plan for his country



Acme
Douglas Jenkins, Consul General: He listened and carried the message



President Harding: He knew little and cared less about a free China

LIGHTS

by MAY KELLY

*My poor old grandmother was blind,
And yet she always seemed to know
When day, departing, left behind
Dusk and the lamplight's gentle glow.*

*My mother drew the window shade
And turned the lamps up, one by one,
After a little pause that made
A decent mourning for the sun.*

*And then my grandmother would pray
For all who dwell between the poles,
And murmur, in her Irish way,
"The light of Heaven to our souls!"*

*The world is changed. A finger's touch
Makes noon of night at our command.
The world is changed—perhaps too much.
There is no twilight in the land.*

*The dusk is hurried into day;
Too slowly now the planet rolls.
And who is there to pause and say,
"The light of Heaven to our souls!"?*

ured in months or in years, in propaganda work so that the Chinese people will accept this plan, and American leadership, without any resistance or distrust or even the risk of bloodshed."

Dr. Sun's plan was for the United States to propose to Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan, Belgium, and Holland a joint military occupation of all of China for a specified period of ten years. He wanted the United States to furnish 50 per cent of this total occupation force and proposed the disbandment of China's corrupt regional armies and the gradual organization and foreign-style training of a genuinely national military force.

He proposed the abolition of all regional and provincial governments, the holding of foreign-supervised examinations, and then the reorganization and training of all grades of administration under foreign control.

At the end of nine and a half years, he said, there should be foreign-supervised elections of both provincial and national officials, and when fully operating provincial and national administrations had been installed the foreign allies should withdraw their military forces and their administrators and leave a peaceful China to an educated and grateful people.

"This is the only way for us Chinese," Dr. Sun assured Mr. Jenkins. "Just look about you. The only honestly and efficiently conducted agencies of the entire government are those now under

foreign direction and control—the Maritime Customs, the Salt Gabelle, and the Post Office."

There were other details to the plan. Sun Yat-sen was notoriously a visionary when it came to practical finance, so he had no recommendations for Mr. Jenkins on how to pay for the proposed development of education, the building of tens of thousands of schools and hundreds of colleges and universities. He also dreamed of 40,000 miles of new and modern highways for China and of thousands of miles of new railways.

The costs of the proposed military occupation, he believed, could be met by the surplus revenue of the Customs, the Salt Tax, and the Post Office, and this might have been possible.

DR. SUN and Mr. Jenkins conferred until long after midnight, and when the ailing revolutionary hero of China returned to the Canton Arsenal he had been given the Consul General's promise to refer the entire project to Washington in our most secret code.

But Washington was not then particularly interested in China. Then, as now, it was held "too expensive to put China on her feet." Warren G. Harding was then in the White House and knew little and cared less about China and Asia.

As a matter of formal courtesy, Dr. Sun's proposals were relayed to London and to Paris, but both Great Britain and France were then preoccupied with

European and colonial problems left over after World War I. Whether Germany, Holland, and Belgium were ever approached is not known. Certainly, Japan knew nothing of Dr. Sun's project until several years after he died of cancer in Peking early in 1925.

When Dr. Sun's carefully thought-out plans were rejected by Washington in a manner that was brusque and almost scornful, he turned in desperation to Soviet Russia. Russia listened eagerly and promised help of her own kind and at her own price.

Until this time the Chinese Communist movement was a semiunderground organization of small membership and little influence. But, when Dr. Sun made a virtual treaty of alliance with Ambassador Karakhan, the Communists became extremely active and successful. Under Russian persuasion Dr. Sun agreed that all members of the Chinese Communist Party would also automatically become members of his own Kuomintang or Nationalist Party. But—and this was the fatal blunder—they were permitted at the same time to maintain their membership in the Communist Party, and that Party was permitted to continue a separate existence. And so, as always and everywhere, the Chinese Communists were Communists first and Chinese and Kuomintang members second.

Under the Sun-Karakhan deal, Russia voluntarily gave up all concession areas in Chinese cities, relinquished extra-territoriality, surrendered the right to keep troops along the northern portion of the Manchurian railways, and in general gave up all special rights which the Czarist governments had wrung from China.

Then the Russians and the Chinese Communists launched a world-wide campaign against the United States and Britain and the other western powers which still clung to their treaty rights. We were all denounced as "oppressive imperialists" and as crafty and scheming enemies of the struggling "Chinese Republic."

This was the situation which General Chiang Kai-shek inherited when Dr. Sun Yat-sen died. By that time there were even Russian political and military advisers in all branches of the administration and in all military organizations. To his credit, it is recorded that General Chiang broke with them in 1927, and that was the beginning of the civil war which still continues after the lapse of twenty-two years.

History may well repeat itself, so far as quick Communist successes are concerned, if we persist in turning as deaf an ear to China's appeals today as we turned in 1922 when Sun Yat-sen was still living.

What's happened to the family?

A lot of lofty excuses are advanced for family limitation. But often it's just plain selfishness. A young layman presents the case

by **BERNARD FRAZIER**

EARLY each morning, a girl with golden hair and shining blue eyes smiles with gladness when she wakes up and kisses me. I tell her how much I love her and bring a glass of orange juice to the rumpled bed in which she has slept. Then I enter the bathroom to shave. Another day has begun for my year-and-a-half-old daughter and her twenty-eight-year-old father.

My wife and I have two children to show for being married a little more than two years. We have to go to Mass separately on Sundays, worry about baby-sitters when we want to go to the movies together, and endure the misplaced alarm of our acquaintances at what is sometimes called our rapid rate of reproduction. We quiet their fears, or at least shut them up, when we tell them that this is only the beginning of what we hope is a growing family.

One of the biggest problems young married people create for themselves today is the worrying they do about having a family. They evaluate having children on the same terms as buying an automobile, a rug, or some bedroom furniture. To some of them, a baby is a body with a price tag instead of a human being with a soul.

As a young Catholic married couple, my wife and I believe that having babies is a form of beauty—and that bearing them as often as God wills it is neither unhealthy, unsanitary, nor immoral.

When the census taker makes his rounds in 1950, he'll probably find there are more dogs in the United States than there are babies. And there are Catholics among those who, if they have children at all, have bowed before the adding-machine notion that a family is a statistic. They read that the aver-

age family has "2½ children" and immediately set that as their most desirable goal. Or to avoid the sideshow result of "½ child," they say "a boy and a girl would be nice, but, in any case, we're not planning to have any more than two."

I'm not talking about people who want to have children but can't. That's God's will—and it's something about which often nothing can be done, even if they take medical means.

The Catholics I can't stomach are those who without reason turn having





Handle with Care!

▲ Tammany Hall's leaders were fond of telling the following tale to illustrate how their organization became a tremendous power by following the policy of a simple farmer.

In the early days of the organization, a Tammany district leader had to visit a friend in the country. When he got off the train, he found that he would have to drive twelve miles into the country in a rickety carriage operated by a typical rustic.

As they drove along, a large horsefly lit on the left ear of the horse. Reaching for his whip, the driver took aim and flicked the fly off so neatly that the horse's ear didn't even twitch.

"You're pretty clever with that whip," the Tammany man said.

"Just practice," replied the driver.

A bit later, in a roadside gully, they spotted a large bullfrog, mouth wide open, about to swallow a butterfly. Reaching again for the whip, the driver struck the bullfrog's lower jaw, driving it down and letting the butterfly escape.

"My, my," the politician marveled. "I've never seen such accuracy with a whip."

Two miles farther on, they came across a row of beehives on the right-hand side of the road, with one solitary bee perched atop the first hive.

"Let's see you knock that bee off with your whip," the Tammany man suggested.

"Oh, no," the driver demurred. "They've got an organization!"

—William Conklin

children on and off like a faucet. This kind of selfishness is a cancer that rots away decency, charity, kindness, and other virtues that seem to develop more easily from the family life than they do from owning a television set.

Catholics who live within the law but still don't want to have any more children, or any children at all, use the Rhythm Theory. This, briefly, consists in marital abstinence at certain times of the month when conception is most likely to occur. It also involves keeping a sexual case history. Love becomes a biology problem. It is all perfectly legal, if they have some reasonable motive and are not just shirking the boredom and restraint of liberty which, in children-less knowledge, they think go with having children.

Catholics who do not choose to have children may explain their clinical, calendar-counting way of life in infinite variations of these three ways:

1. No housing.
2. No money.
3. No time.

No Housing. This is the "we've got a nice apartment—let's not mess it up with children" type of objection. It has surface validity in that builders seem to be concentrating on "birth control apartments," with one, or at the most,

two bedrooms. But often what this objection comes down to is that a couple is happy in their one-and-a-half room nest and doesn't want to be bothered moving. And there are always places to move to, even today. (Is this the only house in which you pray, "God's will be done"?)

But to husbands and wives looking for excuses, real estate often comes to mind. They would rather bring Johnny up in the most exclusive neighborhood than give Johnny a sister. It would probably be better for his immortal soul, as well as their own, if they realized that a home is made up of what's inside the four walls, not what's on the outside of them.

No Money. "We can't really afford another child. After all, we want Johnny to have the best in life—we want him to go to college. That takes a lot of planning." That's how excuse number two is usually put. This objection can be the product of small, unconfident minds. I wonder how many college graduates were left unconceived until their parents had the money in the bank for even their first year's tuition—or had even thought about their going to college at all?

This wail frequently comes from those whose appearance most obviously denies

it. It emerges from fur-coated, well-fed females who emphasize it with the pointing of a jewelry-encrusted finger. Or it is cocktail-lounge conversation among four people who have paid \$26.40 for four seats to *Kiss Me Kate* and are struggling through twenty-two dollars worth of after-theater food and drink. And the maid is at home with the child.

No Time. A lady at a bridge table may be talking: "I don't see how we could ever have another child. The pace is so intense these days. I'm dead just from ordinary things. I'd never be able to struggle through a two-in-the-morning feeding again. Why, sometimes it's after two before I even get home!"

What she means is that there is time for books, movies, plays, bridge, parties, cocktails, dining out, culture meetings, church bazaars, radio-listening, television-looking, automobile-driving, vacation-taking, train-riding, and thousands of other diversions, but when it comes to having children, why, "We couldn't possibly manage it, we simply don't have time."

Over cautiousness about having children is by no means confined to Catholics. It is a phase of modern married life. It is worth talking about where it concerns Catholics because it is, in their case, so lamentable. Birth control or—let's face facts—life prevention is unalterably opposed to everything the Catholic Church teaches, to every instinct, feeling, and deep-grained belief of all true Catholics.

I am not trying to point the finger of suspicion at Catholic families with one or two children. There are often perfectly good reasons why no more children were born. It is those Catholics who misuse Rhythm or practice unnatural means of life prevention who should be pitied. Their marriages become as emotional as a test tube and in constant crisis for fear of, a cheap phrase, "getting caught."

THERE is a real problem in family life among Catholics caused principally by the overwhelming number of "average families." There are a minority of "real families" today because the basic core of Christian living—accepting the will of God in all things, including having children—is missing in many cases.

I'm not saying that everyone should go out and have twenty-five children. But when people are married, they shouldn't try to outfox God. He's the One creating the children, not we. If the alternative would be rank selfishness, let's leave it up to Him about how many He wants to bless us with. Let's not want to eat our cake and have it, too. It may give us eternal indigestion.

THE SIGN

Behind the Bamboo Curtain

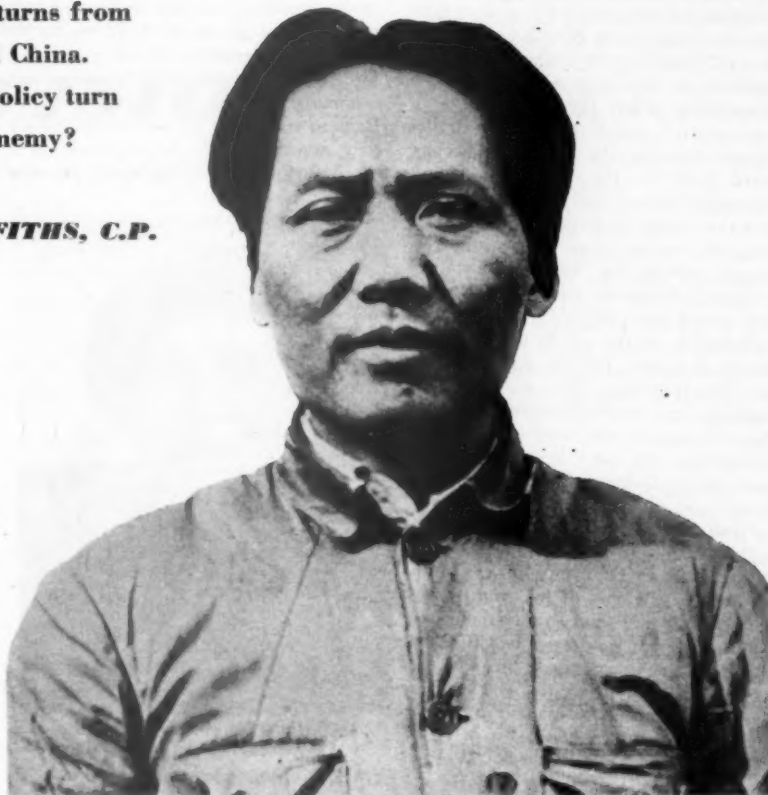
**A Passionist Missionary returns from
the turmoil of besieged China.
Will a hands-off foreign policy turn
our ally into a bitter enemy?**

by BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

THERE is a natural pessimism prevalent in China today, although it is not the gloomy, hopeless attitude that permeates America with regard to the situation in the Orient. Catholic missionaries share in this pessimistic attitude even to the point of considering that in the near future they will be victims of a total exclusion. Happenings in Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia leave little doubt as to what the Church can expect when the subjugation of China by the Reds is completed.

It is not within the province of a Catholic missionary to dwell on the blunders that have made it possible for the Communists to take over so much of China in so short a time, blunders that cannot be laid exclusively to the Chinese. What Japan could not accomplish in eight years of extensive warfare, Moscow has achieved without winning a battle except the battle of propaganda. The Red pattern of enslavement has followed the same design whether it be Eastern Europe and the Balkans or the sprawling vastnesses of the Orient. The seeds of Communism grew well in the soil of China, soil which had been well conditioned through years of civil war, invasion, floods, famine, and the postwar ineptitude and questionable integrity of its governing regime.

The big guns of Communist propaganda were aimed at the same two targets—the existing government and Christianity. That is Christianity in general but, as elsewhere, Catholicism in particular. Virulent tirades of misinformation and deceitful disclosures on the one hand, hate and vituperation on the other. The destruction of the Catholic Church was planned with diabolical cleverness. Destroy the native



Mao Tse-Tung, China's Chief Communist, implacable foe of the Church

church first by liquidation and then apply the slow strangulation method afterward to the foreign missionaries. It is significant that the greatest number of priests who were killed, tortured, or imprisoned in north China, accused and convicted on every possible trumped-up charge, were Chinese native priests. The direct method of liquidation and terrorism changed afterward, partly because of the fact that such overt acts could jeopardize the cause of the Reds in the eyes of the world and partly because, with the downward swoop of the Red armies, the central and southern regions of China possessed neither the number nor the strength of the native clergy in the north.

Once the Communists crossed the Yangtze, their tactics changed almost completely. Catholic missionaries were asked not to leave and their freedom to continue on in their official duties was assured. However, Catholic missionaries

were not misled. They knew the worth of any promises on the part of the Reds. But they have stayed at their posts because they are shepherds of their flocks. The so-called "bamboo curtain" which has closed in and around all Communist-occupied areas of China seems to be as effective as the Iron Curtain in eastern Europe.

Little reliability can be given to reports that have seeped through. It seems quite obvious though that the slow-strangulation method is being applied. Hamper the missionary's activity as much as possible, curtail his movements, question his motives, destroy the confidence of his own people in him with the old accusation of being an imperialistic spy, compel him to include in his teaching doctrines to which he could not subscribe, prevent him from receiving support from without the "curtain," and then accuse him of stealing from the people when he is forced to

keep himself alive by farming or shop-keeping. All this in the attempt to force the priest to call it quits and get out. Then he will have left of his own accord, and the Reds could not be accused of driving the missionary out.

This can be very true in the case of American Catholic missionaries. If nothing else is convincing proof that the Chinese Communists echo and re-echo the directives of the Kremlin, the senseless anti-American attitude they possess certainly is. And it is not mere coincidence that, when the Communists of Europe give voice to the periodic tirades against America, the Chinese Reds are heard from in the same way simultaneously. So it remains to be seen just how the American Catholic missionaries are going to fare when they voluntarily remain behind the "bamboo curtain."

The Communists won China when they scored their greatest victory in the unfortunate departure from China of Chiang Kai-shek. History will evaluate the Generalissimo, his greatness, his weakness, and his shortcomings. But he was and remains the implacable foe of Communism. He came to know the real truth about Communism early in his regime, and only his determined efforts and military strength saved China in the late 1920's from becoming a satellite of Moscow. To compromise would end only in the loss of his country to an alien ideology and enslavement to an authority that would not be Chinese. By fair means or otherwise he had to be removed from the scene.

Communist propaganda went into high gear. The now famous list of war criminals was the opening wedge. While Chiang Kai-shek led all the rest, those who followed him on the list quickly became stampeded. If they disowned their commander-in-chief, their head of state, then the Reds would sit down with peace delegates to decide on an honorable settlement of China's problems; a coalition would be formed that would bring security and prosperity to the Chinese nation.

What happened is well known. The Chinese people, anxious for peace after so many years of strife and warfare, fell for the Red propaganda, their confidence in the Generalissimo wavered, those to whom he was unnecessarily loyal at times deserted him. America, desirous of peace in the Orient, came to the fore and made it known that if the Generalissimo retired some scheme of coalition, some method of compromise would result in the solution of the Chinese question. Under terrific pressure Chiang Kai-shek stepped down. That was the end. The one strong character capable of rallying China to resistance against the inroads of Communism had been ousted. The govern-

ment broke apart; organized resistance to the Reds collapsed.

Communists occupied several of the large cities of China with a speed that bewildered even themselves. Mostly of peasant origin and used to agrarian living, the Red leaders found a disturbing problem posing itself in the large urban centers. Consular authorities are of the opinion that the real reason for the aloofness of the Reds in regard to the foreign consular officials and other foreign representatives of business and commerce lies in the inability of the Reds to cope with a situation for which they are completely unprepared. As a result they are feverishly trying to train



Old Man China—no changeling

hurriedly thousands of administrative officials.

However, all is not lost. The greater in extent the area under Red control, by that much more is the striking force of the Communists lessened, since large garrisons must be left to guard the places now occupied. Major floods have been wreaking havoc in various parts of China which can ruin the crops and so place the Reds in a difficult position. Nationalist naval and air arms have succeeded in blocking Shanghai, with serious consequences to the Communists who control that huge city of six million people. Chiang Kai-shek has again returned to the scene, the outcome of which will be a stiffening of resistance.

There is still hope for China. The great Southwest remains outside the Red orbit. The Moslems of northwest China are relentless enemies of Mao Tze-Tung and all his horde. And not the least is the clash of totally opposite ideologies. It seems safe to assert that, in the long run, the social ideals which have kept China a homogeneous nation

for thousands of years will win out over the Soviet system of life now being forced on the Chinese. Some of the reforms which the Communists have inaugurated are badly needed in China. Such will be absorbed just as China has absorbed the best that attempted conquests have offered in ages past.

The Church stands ready to meet Communism in China. The Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Riberi, remained in Nanking when the Communists occupied the capital. Since then, like everyone else behind the "bamboo curtain," no direct contact has been had with him. But, like the Nuncio, bishops and priests are remaining at their posts. This is the challenge of the Church. Despite the lies and calumny directed against the Church, despite the trying days that are ahead, Catholic missionaries are remaining to continue to preach the Gospel of Christ, the gospel of love and freedom for all. So charity is pitted against hate and meekness against force. These two weapons of charity and meekness have conquered the world in all ages. They will do so again in China.

The Passionist Missionaries in Hunan are still at their posts. Recently, the Passionist missions went through days of bandit attacks. Three missions were completely looted and stripped and the missionaries greatly endangered. The city of Yüanling, Passionist headquarters in Hunan, lay under attack for two weeks. Day and night, shooting, killing, burning, and robbing went on. And all this before the Communist occupation.

There is an old missionary saying, "The unusual is the usual in China and the unexpected always happens." The "unexpected" may happen even now. But the struggle will not end unexpectedly. Communism is a crusade. Zeal and spirit which characterize the Red domination of China must be met by the same zeal and spirit of those opposing this domination. Arms and loans can help, but the Chinese must realize the danger of the spirit of Communism before ridding the country of such a dangerous foe.

STAMPS

For the Missions



Send Cancelled Stamps

to

Passionist Missions Stamp Dep't

Holy Cross Seminary
Dunkirk, New York

RADIO *and* TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

Meet the Menjous

Whether it is old age, second childhood, or a gentle softening of the brain, one cannot say at the moment. But the fact of the matter is that this column is about to execute another double-backflip and go on record as endorsing a program of a type which heretofore has offered no cause for favorable comment. Last month, it was a soap opera. This month, it is a husband-and-wife show. The Mutual Broadcasting System really has some pleasant listening in store for you when it invites you to *Meet the Menjous*.

Daily, for fifteen minutes, Monday through Friday, you may sit in, via your radio, on a conversation between veteran actor Adolphe Menjou and his actress wife of equal experience on the stage and screen, Veree Teasdale. It is an urbane, witty conversation, with each program divided rather neatly into two parts, each dealing with a different subject. The Menjous do not pretend to be the oracles of things to come in the news. Nor do they engage in meaningless chit-chat to the disturbing background twitterings of cage-weary birds. The Menjous just talk in an intelligent, normal way about the sort of thing that intelligent, normal people find of interest. Their topics include such subjects as commercial rain making, the growing of avocados, the fine art of gunmaking (with an amusing word sketch by Adolphe of the master gunsmith in this country, Harry Pope of Jersey City), the vending-machine industry, and the course of study at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, which is based on the reading of the one hundred greatest books.

The program is ad-libbed with casual polish, although it is obvious that some specific data on the discussion topics has been prepared by a researcher. To counterbalance the occasional stiffness of statistics, there is the simple, easy way in which the Menjous call each

other "dear" on the program. That sounds as though it must be an affectation when the practice is put down in cold print here. Actually, it is not at all objectionable; the term of endearment is used so casually that it only adds pleasantly to the informality of the program.

Perhaps the truest delight of all in hearing the Menjous lies in the fact that they are stage and screen people of much experience, whose wide background in the theater has introduced them to many facets of life. They have achieved the radio phenomenon of sounding cosmopolitan without being sophisticated. And, oh, the delight of hearing the English language spoken so well by fine voices! (Mutual Broadcasting System, 9:15-9:30 A.M., E.D.T.)

If You Are a Televisionary

The television stations affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company



Veree and Adolphe Menjou with their son, Peter, who appears occasionally on "Meet the Menjous"

would like you to try wearing *The Black Robe*!

Here is a truly absorbing television program, dreamed up by Phillips Lord, a master showman whose experience in planning and producing programs goes back to the early days of radio. *The Black Robe* takes its title from the gown worn by the judge in a New York night court, a setting par excellence when the recipe calls for the most basic of human emotions. The half-hour seems all too brief each week when the viewer is led uncannily to share the small woes of the rag-tag and bobtail men and women who meet up with the forces of the law in the night.

Actual case records from a night court are purported to form the basis of the program. Each week there is a succession of different offenders brought before the same judge, who provides the sole link of continuity. Instead of using professional actors whose faces become all too familiar to the television viewer at home, the producer's agents comb the streets of New York for interesting faces which bear the lines that no make-up could equal. The part each of these amateurs is to play is plotted out with him, but the actual words used are ad-libbed, giving the performance, if that word may be used to describe what comes pretty close to being actuality rather than artificial drama, a real quality that is spellbinding as little else on television is. The camera is content to stay on the face as the judge questions each offender. Here the photographer's skill in using white and black, light and shadow, are used to the best possible advantage. Color would detract from rather than add to the effectiveness of those seamed faces in which the shadows of life are darkly etched.

Here, may we say again, is television at its best, achieving a moving, memorable show every seven days with a minimum of scenery, costume, elaborately contrived plot, and trick effect. The elemental in true drama is here, the concentration of attention on Man, the Protagonist, caught at bay, struggling to free himself from Life, the Antagonist. At last, television has come of age. (Wednesday, 8:30-9:00 P.M., E.D.T., on the National Broadcasting Company's Eastern and Midwestern networks.)

You ought to know that . . .

ABE BURROWS, creator of songs with zany titles, lyrics, and music ("The Rent Is Up, Food Is Up, Everything in the World Is Up, So Why Are You in Bed?"), has entered into an unusually long contract with CBS. It has a seven-year span, and during that time Columbia has exclusive rights to Burrows' services as performer, writer, producer,



Security

by WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

IN a world where the sources of terror increase by the moment, it is easy to become blind to all but the awful threats of fear, and thus throw open the doors to panic. We guarantee the victory of fear by focusing our eyes on it, even though we have done so in fright and aversion. It is an effective antidote to this spreading poison of fear to know that there are tremendous pools of courage in this arid world of terrors. We can easily confirm this comforting fact of courage from the humblest of the people among whom we live.

There are countless men and women today of stout courage, for there are millions who still dare to try to build homes with none of the solid bulwarks of certainty on which a home must rest. It is true that such homes are frail fortresses against the uncertainties that rush on a man from all sides; the point is, there are men and women who do dare to rear such defenses and to man them against the unknown.

One of the fundamental needs of a home is certainty. It is good to be home because here we can be sure of things, sure of others, and so sure of ourselves. Yet how much of that sureness rests on the precarious foundation of human veracity, on our faith in men. We are sure the walls of the house will not collapse, the roof fall in, the furniture disintegrate, not because we know these things through investigation but because workmen have assured us of the calibre of their work.

But what assurance has the pagan of our day about the things not subject to human effort: things like tomorrow, or next year, or five years from now; vagaries of health; the normality of the newborn child; accidents; and finances? Only stupendous courage, or utter stupidity, could find the heart to face such a succession of unknowns which escape all intelligent purpose or control.

All these are still the small change of home's security. What we must be sure of above all things in the home

is the people who live in it. We must be sure of their love. We must be able to count on their understanding, tolerance, sympathy, and help. We must be sure of our knowledge of those at home under penalty of betraying our heart to strangers. Yet a lifetime is not long enough to complete the discoveries of our mind's loving probing of our loved ones. We speak of love again and again, say it in gestures more and more intimate, and finally resign ourselves to the frustration inherent in every gesture: none of them say all we want said, none of them accomplish the complete unity that love demands, for it remains true that love must be taken on faith. We are sure of love because someone has told us of it.

What a difference it makes when the word of God stands behind the words of men, when we know, more certainly than we know our own existence, that God has made this union which is not to be sundered. It is no small thing to know beyond doubting that we are enveloped by an infinite love; that an all-wise Providence has all the tomorrows well in hand, that supernatural life and supernatural love pulse within ourselves and all those at home, that each day is great beyond all dreams, that the dull routine is a swift passage to goals of God. What a comfort it is to know surely that all the precious things of home are ours for an eternity. And to know all this on the basis of the Truth that measures the reality of the universe!

We easily take this security for granted, it has been ours for so long. In the name of the pity Christ demands from us, we must see the homes of our contemporaries with none of this sureness. We must see, if only with a flashing glance, the terror, loneliness, emptiness of the frail homes built only on the words of men. Only so can we escape underestimating the desperate courage of those among whom we live; only thus are our own eyes opened to the debt of gratitude under which we live.

and director. If it so elects, the network may assign him as head writer on any CBS comedy program.

FOOTBALL ROUND-UP, Red Barber's idea for game coverage tried out last season several times by CBS, will be the regular method of college football coverage over the Columbia network during the 1949 season. It calls for 'round-the-country reports from as many as thirty major football contests either by direct pickup, telephoned news and feature accounts, or special press association wire reports.

THE TELEVISION TABLES are at last beginning to follow radio lines in turning from West to East, as well as the more familiar East to West direction. Two programs which originate on NBC's Hollywood television station may now be seen on that company's interconnected Eastern and Midwestern networks on a regular basis. The trick is done by kinescope recording. The first complete half-hour television show ever put on sound film from a kinescope tube was made in March, 1948. Since then, the system has been expanded to such an extent that within twelve months, over three million feet of 16 mm. film was taken. The two programs to start the West-to-East trade are *Sunday at Home* and *Nocturne*.

• The world is full of willing people; some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

—ROBERT FROST

• The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Aeolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.

—EDMUND BURKE

THE FORD THEATER, heard for two years as a radio program, will shift completely to the television medium as of October, 1949. *The Ford Television Theater*, which has been in an experimental, once-a-month status on CBS-TV, will shift into an every-other-week operation in October. Tentative current plans call for weekly telecasts beginning in January, 1950.

THE FIRST OPERA written specifically for television has been commissioned by the National Broadcasting Company. The composer will be Gian-Carlo Menotti, who has achieved international fame with his previous operas, "Amelia Goes to the Ball," "The Medium," and "The Telephone." Menotti will write both the libretto and the music for the new work and will stage it himself for television.



Notre Dame's Baseball Hermit

by Art Bromirski

Rupert Mills, who for sixty-five days was a one-man team and one-man league

AS A subway alumnus of "you know her name," I like to get together with other fellow alumni—accredited AB or turnstile IRT—and gas about Notre Dame teams and players. Of course, everyone has his own favorite story about the Irish, but it usually centers around Rockne, Gipp, the Four Horsemen, Carideo, Law, Lujack, or one of the other green immortals. However, my pet Notre Da-memoir concerns itself with one of her lesser greats who back in 1916 became a hermit in a baseball park and for sixty-five days constituted the only real one-man baseball team and one-man Federal Baseball League.

The story begins back in 1910 and 1911 with a youngster by the name of Rupert Mills playing first base for Barringer High in Newark, New Jersey. He not only scorched the grass around the keystone sack with dazzling field plays—he was a Brian Boru at the plate, wielding a wicked shillelagh and walloping practically everything that opposing mound stars threw his way.

Upon his graduation from high school, Mills was offered a number of contracts to play professional baseball; Roger Bresnahan personally asked him to come with the St. Louis Cards. But Rupe refused—he had his heart set on going to college, to Notre Dame. So off he went to South Bend where he won his ND in four sports: baseball, football, track, and basketball. He became a close friend of Knute Rockne's, playing on the same squad with the Rock in the latter's senior year.

While Rupe played a good game of football, it was in baseball that he excelled. Little wonder it was that upon his graduation from Notre Dame in

1915 he was offered contracts by the Giants, Browns, Cards, Athletics, Pirates, and Indians. There was one other offer—from his home-town team of Newark in the Federal League.

Well, to make a long story short, the home-town spirit prevailed and Mills signed a two-year contract at three thousand dollars per year to play with Newark.

But during the winter of 1915-16 the Federal League blew—was completely disbanded. Somehow, in the mad scramble that followed, Rupe Mills was lost and when the baseball season of 1916 opened, every ballplayer from the Federal League had been sold—except one Rupert Mills. The ex-Notre Damer wasn't too concerned about the situation because he still had a contract, perfectly legal, and good for another year, to the tune of three thousand dollars. The fact that there wasn't a team, to play either with or against, wasn't his worry. But it was a worry to Harry Sinclair and Pat Powers, who were co-owners of the defunct Newark club. Since they were obliged to pay Rupe, they decided that he would have to live up to every comma in his contract by actually reporting to the field and working out daily.

OFFICIALLY there is no record of any games having been played in the Federal League in 1916. But an awful lot of baseball was played by the one-man Newark Club, Mills. Living up to his contract, Rupe reported to the Newark Federal League Baseball Park promptly every morning at 10 A.M. Donning a uniform, he warmed up for two hours in the morning and put in a solid four hours of practice from two to six

in the afternoon. The Newark team batted flies to himself in the outfield, then put in some infield practice, played some pepper, ran around the bases, slid into home plate, and threw baseballs at his shadow. He never missed a day and actually practiced for six hours on each occasion.

IT wasn't long before word got around and Rupe became known as the Hermit of Federal Park. His one-man activities received nationwide publicity, and sporting fans from Maine to Texas lined themselves up with him and said not a few unkind things about the "shylock" owners of the Newark club.

The daily baseball monotype continued for sixty-five days until July 13, 1916, when Mills was sold to Detroit. Actually he never played with Detroit—he played with its farm teams of Harrisburg and Denver, where he batted .370. In 1917 he enlisted in the U.S. Army and played on the first overseas all-Army nine. He served as Captain, Troop A, 102d Cavalry.

When he returned to the United States, Rupe Mills did not return to professional baseball. Instead he took up the study of law. While he abandoned sports as a player, he maintained a keen interest in them and particularly in Notre Dame sports activities. He often scouted for Knute Rockne, and on more than one occasion the Rock referred to him as "Rupe Mills—my right eye in the East."

On July 20, 1929, Rupe Mills drowned in a canoe accident at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, while trying to save the life of a friend.

That's my favorite Notre Dame story. What's yours?

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

TWILIGHT ON THE FLOODS

By Marguerite Steen. 782 pages.
Doubleday & Co. \$3.95



M. Steen

"The French take colonization seriously; the British play at it," as one of the traders invectively affirms, is, obliquely, the heart of the matter that precipitates this early "twilight" on the Floods. For ever since

the days of old Matt, the Floods had milked the riches of the Gold Coast—dealing, when profitable, even in human flesh.

It is idealistic Johnny Flood, Matt's great-grandson, who attempts to repair the ancient Flood sins against the Negro. As a stripling he had bolted the family's pseudo gentility and run away to Africa as a ship's boy. Forcibly returned to Bristol, Johnny was taken into the Flood mercantile business by his shrewd and bluff Uncle Harcourt, spurred by Johnny's wisely understanding grandmother. But it was Johnny's personal and private destiny always to lose, and lose hard. He writes his own eulogy in a letter to his unborn son: "I suppose the only way to look at it—it's better to have a hard try, even if you don't succeed, than just let things slide."

Miss Steen has committed her literary prowess to a ticklish exercise in drawing out the book to 782 pages, but her skill as a consummate story teller, as a spinner of suspense, and as an impressionable delineator of character seems well equal to it.

The delicate and airy fiction devotee should be warned, however, that this cryptic world of dark savagery, of diabolic juju and fetish, is stark and real, though without the offensive rawness that overwhelmed its predecessor saga, *The Sun Is My Undoing*.

LOIS SLADE

GREEN BOUNDARY

By Boris Ilyin. 312 pages.
Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$3.00

Mr. Ilyin is a White Russian expatriate and citizen of the United States, who in *Green Boundary* tells a story of recent fugitives from the Soviet joker-paradise. While his narrative touches

off no great emotional fizz, it has enough topical interest to carry one through a recital of the plight of DP refugees from Russia and the official murder of them by a president of the United States who shooed them back into the arms of Stalin.

Major Radonov, a naturalized American citizen and Russian interpreter in the U.S. Signal Corps, travels from Frankfurt to Meinburg, to interpret in a liaison job concerning radio frequencies. A girl, Lieutenant Darya Lubinova, is English interpreter for the Soviet radio group. Radonov, a very White Russian, and Lubinova, a very scarlet one, discover in their common youth a bond of sympathy deeper than any ideological animosity. This is apparent to the NKVD eyes of other members of the Red party. On returning to the Soviet Zone in Berlin, Lubinova finds herself in hot water with the Party for having muffed her opportunity to change the political complexion of her White Russian friend. Eventually she has to run for it—which she does in a way that saves her skin and satisfies all normal rooters for young love.

Green Boundary won't make you forget it's midnight, nor cause any reflective mastication of tomorrow morning's oatmeal. Its interest is historical rather than dramatic, a curiosity about what will happen next rather than the grip of a mood. Despite nonsensical canons to the contrary, like every story, it has a propaganda point. But unlike many, this one is entirely wholesome.

JEROME COLLINS

ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day. 176 pages.
Catholic Worker Books. \$1.00

That this most recent urgent message of Dorothy Day is not yet sufficiently known, is another unhappy illustration of Ed Willock's contention (*Ye Gods*) that too many of us pay at least lip-service to today's god of advertising: for instance, we do little to search out for reading and buying what has not been glamorized through expensive publicity. However, it is to be hoped that each thoughtful Christian who happens upon this publication will, by his own advertising, help to achieve a wider reception of it.

Her sole and unifying theme is greater love of God and therefore of mankind; hence, the book's interest is timeless, its appeal both old and new. Taking us with her on one year's pilgrimage, largely for the Catholic Worker movement, the author describes relevant activities and shares the fruits of some of her vital reading and contemplation. "Meditations for women, these notes should be called," she declares, "jumping as I do from the profane to the sacred over and over. But then, living in the country, with little children, with growing things, one has the sacramental view of life. All things are His and all are holy."

So much of *On Pilgrimage* merits re-reading because of its constant reminders, by one who is both preaching and living the way of Christ, that the choice for all who claim to be children of God lies not between good and evil but between satisfaction with the merely good and eagerness for the better.

ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER

HENRY THE EIGHTH

By Theodore Maynard. 412 pages.
Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.75



T. Maynard

There are two ways of interpreting any life: through its outer acts or its inner motives. And the best way—the one followed by Dr. Maynard in this latest of his historic biographies—is a combination of the two.

Beginning with a sketch of the Rose Wars and the death of Henry VII, he traces the story of the handsome, art-loving younger son, educated with an eye to the archbishopric of Canterbury, who suddenly became heir apparent by the untimely death of his brother Arthur—and who subsequently wedded the latter's widow, Katherine of Aragon.

Theodore Maynard is more sympathetic toward Henry than most biographers. At least he sees in him less the tyrant and sensualist than the egoist with limitless power of self-deceit. Hence he credits the sincerity of the King's scruples against that duly dispensed marriage with his sister-in-law, although these coincided so suspiciously with his infatuation for Anne Boleyn.

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN

By a Father of The Society of Jesus

The present treatise, long out of print, is a unique discussion of just what the Beatific Vision implies in detail, as far as these implications are visible to the weak human nature of even a learned scholar. It gives us all that Catholic theology teaches about heaven in a form adapted to the humblest capacity. One reviewer referred to it as the "spiritual geography of heaven."

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THE LITURGICAL ALTAR

By Geoffrey Webb

The Church considers the altar the central focus of the whole liturgy and looks upon it as the sacrificial stone, upon which Christ, our Priest and Victim, offers Himself daily in His Eucharistic Sacrifice. Reverence for the altar expressed in the restraint and dignity of its design, symbolizes the reverence due to Christ Himself . . . The author divides his study into three distinct parts: the altar in the liturgy, the history of the altar and rubrics referring to the altar and its canopy. Everyone interested in the beauty and dignity of divine worship will welcome this work as a standard book, thoroughly reliable and uniquely informative. **\$2.25**

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He even credits the sincerity of the "Henrician" doctrine of antipapal Catholicism, although it fitted in so conveniently with the wanted divorce and the loot of the monasteries. And although the episodes of Henry's extravagant sex life are told with candid realism, the author is obviously, and rightly, less interested in the "British Bluebeard" than in the King who selfishly started a schism, opened the way for heresy, and lost England to the Catholic Church.

The intricate story of Henry VIII, with its collateral saints and sinners and the groping, grasping details of its politico-religious controversies, is told by Dr. Maynard with the comprehensiveness of deep and digested scholarship. For serious and reasonably mature students his work may well prove indispensable, but it adds up to a sordid, disenchanting, and—to use an old-fashioned word—disedifying story.

KATHERINE BRÉGY

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

By Vincent Sheean.

374 pages.

Random House.

\$3.75



V. Sheean

Vincent Sheean is to be commended for his delicate and extremely sympathetic treatment of one of the more outstanding and controversial figures of contemporary history. There should be no question in the minds of all readers when they have finished this book that Mahatma Gandhi was a great man. His unceasing efforts to alleviate, over a period of long years, the sufferings of Indians of all beliefs, both in India and abroad, are deserving of the greatest praise. Sheean has amply accomplished this purpose in this his latest book.

But when Sheean strives to interpret and analyze the motivating principles of Gandhi's actions and read into his life an aura of divinity, the book subjects itself to much criticism. The utterly ridiculous and false notions concerning Christ which many so-called Christians and most educated non-Christians have could well be applied to Gandhi. Gandhi believed in a supreme being, a master over all created things, and patterned his life in light of this conviction. For this reason Catholics can hope and pray that God in His infinite mercy granted Gandhi the final grace necessary to unite him with the One he so valiantly sought.

As for Vincent Sheean, it is pitiable that he traveled so far for so little. Certain it is that the "kindly light" of Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, from which Sheean obtained the title of his book, has yet to lead him to that



MIND THE BABY!

He doesn't look like a professor of philosophy as he sits in his play-pen chewing cookies, but Thomas Edmund has a lot to teach his mother and all parents. We think Mary Perkins' new book **MIND THE BABY!** (Ready Sept. 21, \$2) is one of the most appealing we've ever published. See if this sample doesn't make you agree:

"God the Holy Spirit is always dwelling in Thomas Edmund as His temple . . . a very funny little temple for the Spirit of Love and Joy—so that I am not just washing or feeding or clothing my own child; I am taking care of the temple of God.

"The little dwelling-place of the Blessed Trinity is now trying to climb up on the tricycle . . . it falls over with him, and he lies howling on the grass.

"Poor Thomas Edmund! The world is still a valley of tears, even for the children of God. . . . When Christ our Lord was a baby, He must have fallen off things too, . . . so why should we expect to have our children walk any smoother road than the one He walked Himself. . . . Isn't it nice?

Did you enjoy Msgr. Ronald A. Knox's **THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION?** Then you will be equally delighted by **THE CREED IN SLOW MOTION** (September 8, \$2.50), which is a series of sermons explaining the Apostles' Creed to the same group of schoolgirls lucky enough to hear the series on the Mass.

The Sign's own Lucile Hasley has collected nineteen of her sparkling essays into book form. It's called **REPROACHFULLY YOURS** and we will publish it September 21 (\$2.75). Many of the essays have appeared in *The Sign* but many others will be new to its readers. As you know, Mrs. Hasley deals inimitably with Catholic Action, the Hasley family life and most especially, with the trials of being a convert. Caryl Householder, also a Hasley fan, has written a preface.

We were astonished when we first heard about **THREE MYSTICS**, edited by Father Bruno de J. M., O.D.C. (Ready September 8th, \$7.50). The mystics are St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross and—El Greco. We had difficulty fitting El Greco into such company, but the book explains all, and is lavishly illustrated with paintings by El Greco and his contemporaries. Father Bruno is the leading Carmelite authority on mysticism and his comments on St. Teresa and St. John are highly illuminating.

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CARDINAL MINDSZENTY SPEAKS

Published by order of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty 234 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50



Mindszenty

In 1945 Hungary was freed from the yoke of Nazism only to fall into the hands of the Red Army. The last four years of Communist occupation have seen the gradual strangulation of democracy despite the fact that the Hungarians repeatedly voted against candidates of their "liberators." But the Reds, taking the portfolio of the chief of police and making their usual midnight arrests, were soon in control of war-weary Hungary. Following their customary pattern of action, they concentrated their attack on the Catholic Church and its fearless leader, Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty.

This book is an authentic account of the four-year struggle. It contains the important documents of the Cardinal which he released to the world before his arrest. A brief history of Hungary is given in the introduction to supply the reader with sufficient background. There are also notes inserted between the documents to give a continuity to the book.

A documentary book of this kind might lead the reader to suspect that, though it is an important book, it would be rather dry reading. The contrary is true. The book reads like a story, a solemn tragedy, written in the passionate prose of Cardinal Mindszenty, the dastardly plot supplied by the God-hating Communists. The Cardinal is in the role of an evangelist recording the crucifixion of a Christian nation.


This book should be read by all serious-minded Catholics. It is inspirational in recording the heroic efforts of the Catholics of Hungary and of its noble leader; it is instructive in its exposition of the satanic wiles of the enemy—knowledge that is extremely useful in these troubled times.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

ENGINEERING THE NEW AGE

By John J. O'Neill. 320 pages.
Ives Washburn, Inc. \$3.50

Mr. O'Neill's latest book is controversial and challenging. Anyone who reads his weekly essays in the pages of the *New York Herald Tribune*, of which he is



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It cannot be said for sure whether medical doctors will like being called "health engineers." Nor will classicists and philosophers enjoy seeing most of history's most famous characters—real and/or mythological—turned into one kind or another of engineer. Sometimes it is a little difficult to know whether Mr. O'Neill is being facetious, capricious, or impish. He might possibly be all three. In this age when so many people take themselves so very, very seriously, a book such as this could cause quite a bit of consternation among a number of social scientists, as well as some physical scientists—although I have found the latter tend to take themselves much less seriously than the former.

There is scarcely a field in which engineering might be found that Mr. O'Neill does not touch and at all times with a most readable and lucid pen.

JAMES BERNARD KELLEY

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By **Sean O'Faolain.**
 Devin Adair Co.

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with such pioneer histories of Irish civilization as Edmund Curtis's *History of Ireland* and Bishop Mathew's *The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe*.

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WILLIAM MILLER BURKE

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Unfortunately, the author lapses seriously from independence of mind and artistic discretion. His observation of current novelists has apparently taught him that the modern dramatic pattern requires a periodic injection of lechery and the vulgar. He should not



(International)

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Below: During the trial.



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RAYMOND J. STACK

THE GEM OF CHRIST

By Father Francis, C.P. 223 pages.
The Catholic Book Publishing Co.

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The writer of this book is no stranger to the Catholic reading public. In past years, his devotional articles on the Passion of Our Blessed Lord, first published in *THE SIGN*, and later incorporated in a book entitled *Under His Shadow*, have been deservedly popular and have merited much praise.

In *The Gem of Christ*, Father Francis has constructed a readable and absorbing biography of Gemma Galgani. He has had the acumen to sift the facts of her life judiciously and with this pleasing result: the incidents chosen present a truthful and integral story of a great saint. Throughout seventeen colorful chapters, we meet a spirited girl, quick, easily excited, possessing great charm and affability. How divine grace transformed these human qualities into an intense apostolate of love for the Crucified and of reparation for sin is the burden of the narrative.

With singular understanding of the ways of God's heroes and with a warm affection for this saint of our own day, Father Francis presents Gemma as she was known and evaluated by her contemporaries and as she is now regarded by the Church. As a result, the literary portrait of Gemma emerges in such appealing delineation that the reader somewhat feels as though Saint Gemma has been of his own acquaintance and that sometime he has seen her, spoken to her, and enjoyed her charming company, so vivid at times is the author's description.

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

BECAUSE OF THE LOCKWOODS

By Dorothy Whipple. 301 pages.
The Macmillan Company. \$3.50



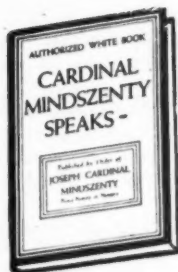
D. Whipple

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DANIEL N. HENDRICH

THE PILGRIMAGE OF WESTERN MAN

By Stringfellow Barr.

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S. Barr

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The result is a panorama of modern history in which the search for unity is highlighted as the main object. Yet there are many times in the course of the story when this object seems forgotten. This is partly because the scope is so large. In addition to following the main line of political development, some effort is made to note the course of achievement in science, literature, and art. The method followed is also partly responsible if at times the main object is lost sight of. This consists of interrupting the historical narrative to present vignettes of representative men,

intended to sum up the character of a period or place.

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OTTO BIRD

POWER AND MORALS

By Martin J. Hillenbrand. 200 pages. Columbia University Press. \$3.25

At a time when utilitarian philosophies were in their heyday and the myth of necessary progress made men look at the world through rose-colored glasses, Lord Macaulay wrote somewhat pityingly of St. Thomas Aquinas as a man who was probably more interested in the manufacture of syllogisms than in the manufacture of gunpowder. But even before the second World War, Chesterton was able to observe that men were reaching a mood of reaction which disposed them to cry out, "If there are any syllogisms that will save us from all this gunpowder, for God's sake let us listen to them."

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book, Mr. Hillenbrand leans heavily upon such eminent contemporary Catholic thinkers as Luigi Sturzo, Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain, and Etienne Gilson.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

BURNT OUT INCENSE

By Rev. M. Raymond,
O.C.S.O.

475 pages.

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While thousands of get-rich-quick prospectors galloped westward toward the gold fields of California in 1848, forty-four practical Trappists plodded wearily behind their own wagon train into the Kentucky territory of Daniel Boone "to carve out a City of God" in the wilderness. This book is the saga of their eloquent silence and stubborn courage that matched the grace of God "in the dark and bloody land."

Realizing that fact is stranger than fiction, Father Raymond has avoided both the purple patches of prose and of pious platitudes. He has permitted the facts—the grace of God, the silence, the blood and perspiration of the monks—to tell their own story. The style fits the subject.

From dawn until dayfall and through the night, the chronicle unfolds the last hundred years. Trees are felled, brick falls into place on brick until the monastery at Gethsemani stands a monument to a Christian Democracy that has developed into a real Catholic United Nations in the land of Our Lady. This inland beachhead also fans out for future conquests throughout the land.

Readers of the work of Thomas Merton will find in this book the well-springs of some of his prose and much of his poetry.

This story of the Trappist in Kentucky is filled with the age-old Catholic romance of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Father Raymond has done well in permitting the facts to speak their own eloquent language. Human granite is more enduring than rhetoric. He has written well of the silent men.

FRANK HANLON

SAINT AMONG THE HURONS

By Francis X. Talbot, S.J. 320 pages.
Harper & Brothers.

\$3.75

As I read this remarkably constructed biography of St. Jean de Brebeuf, it occurred to me that America has produced a hagiographer par excellence, much in the manner of Henri Gheon and G. K. Chesterton. In Father Talbot's account of the life of Jean de Brebeuf, the reader will thrill to a discerning scholarship and a historical perspective pregnant with accuracy, as well as a very readable chronicle of the early attempts of the Jesuits to Christianize the Huron Indians in the Seventeenth

Century. It makes for fascinating reading, particularly when one realizes that out of the twenty-six Jesuits who gave their lives for Christ in and around New France, eight of them, including Jean de Brebeuf, were raised to the honors of the altar by Pope Pius XI.

The book is a masterpiece in the art of literary selection, and the glowing heroism and sanctity which underlies the work are ideal material for the cameras of Hollywood. The hideous torture, revolting orgies, and sensual characteristics of the Huron Indians are here in detail, and, vividly painted in masterful prose, is the unselfishness, courage, and sanctity of de Brebeuf and his companions. This work has been selected as the May-June choice of The Catholic Book Club and is one which should be on every "must" reading list. Incidentally, in these days of religious persecution in Eastern Europe, it would be well to assimilate one valuable lesson from this magnificent story. "It is a graphic reminder that the foundations of this country rest upon more than Plymouth Rock."

THOMAS FRANCIS RITT

DEFINITION OF CULTURE

By T. S. Eliot. 128 pages.
Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50

Some twenty years ago this reviewer lunched with T. S. Eliot in a modernistic restaurant at the foot of Boston's Beacon Hill, a situation symbolical of Eliot's double allegiance. Editor of *The Criterion* since 1922, he was still to be for some ten years. Around the American neo-humanist movement we had much to talk about. Santayana was writing about "The Genteel Tradition at Bay." Eliot in *The Criterion*, as Babbitt here, was trying to organize a rescue party—only we called it "The Great Tradition." Between the two world wars we could be hopeful. Eliot's present book is a vivid witness that, if we may still be hopeful, we must realize what an accelerated change of sociological conditions has taken place since then. The nuclei of gentility, or rather of what Eliot would call culture, have been as shot up as those of atoms. The evolution has gone on ever more stridently toward a classless society, with educators clamoring for "equality of opportunity" and the rescue of "mute inglorious Miltons." To which Eliot replies: "Whether education can foster or improve culture or not, it can surely adulterate and degrade it."

For Eliot, "a culture is more than the assemblage of its arts, customs, and religious beliefs." He refuses "to draw an absolute line between East and West, Europe and Asia." Nor is cultural unity political unity, and much less should political unity coerce culture. But there is, or was, definitely "a

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European culture: the identities discoverable in the national cultures," first "the common tradition of Christianity which has made Europe what it is," then of "the ancient civilizations of Greece, Rome, and Israel." So he ends his book with an appeal for the preservation and transmission of that common culture. His last word is that it is now "in imminent peril."

A valuable book for a review of the issues at stake. A sad book, measuring as it does how much farther at bay is the great tradition than in the hopeful thirties. May a divided Christendom hope to triumph over the consequences of the monistic idealism and materialism which gradually grasped the leadership of European thought after it broke away from the guarantees of a Revelation? Though T. S. Eliot, unlike so many contemporaries of his caliber, does not yet show that he has grasped the root of the cultural dislocation of the West, his book should serve as an incentive to those who do to perfect their Christian humanistic critique, and to apply it judiciously in all domains.

LOUIS J. A. MERCIER.

THE SPANISH STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE IN THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA

By Lewis Hanke. 217 pages.
University of Penna. Press. \$3.00

Dr. Lewis Hanke is an eminent scholar whose sympathies were generally on the right side in Spain's war against Communism, for which he was decorated. If his book lived up to its title it would be an invaluable documentary aid in the struggle against the smearing of all things Spanish by heretical critics. But Dr. Hanke has produced a bit of special pleading defending Bartolomé de las Casas! The evil that men do lives after them. For centuries de las Casas' monumental and mendacious *Historia de las Indias* has been the inexhaustible mine whence enemies of Spain and Catholicism in general have drawn material for the Black Legend of Spanish cruelty which had its inception in de las Casas' disordered mind. He came to his career of vilification of his countrymen well prepared, for de las Casas, as Vignaud has shown, forged, destroyed, and falsified the papers of Columbus, distorting the purposes of the Discoverer, confusing scholars to this day.

De las Casas' humanitarianism is illustrated by his fervent advocacy of Negro slavery and the introduction of black serfs into the Americas, creating a problem yet unsolved; his humility, by the self-bestowed title of "Apostle to the Indies." On balance the Spanish treatment of American aborigines was far better than that of any other colon-

ial power, Portugal excepted. Persons of Indian blood comprise the majority of Latin America's population today; in non-Spanish North America they are nearly extinct. Dr. Hanke follows the lead of Fernando de los Rios, the Washington envoy of Red Spain, who plastered over the Shrine in the Spanish Embassy. A most disappointing book.

JOHN E. KELLY

IRIS IN WINTER

By Elizabeth Cadell. 250 pages.
William Morrow & Co. \$3.00

Caroline West, a young widow in her middle twenties, takes a house at High Ambo, about two hours out of London. Her sister, Iris, is sent to High Ambo ostensibly to cover a newspaper assignment, but really to act as an advocate for her boss, whose entrenched bachelorhood has capitulated to the charms of Caroline. The season being winter, the title of the book is accounted for. Iris becomes involved with a handsome young professor of French at a neighboring boys' school, in a few of those squally social scuffles which novelists like to transmute into twenty-four carat love. The author eventually does uncork this trick of romantic alchemy.

Iris' ups and downs mesh with the biographical undulations of a lot of other people. Notably those of her sporty brother, Robert, and the apparently helpless little fiancée who is going to astound him by making a masterly type of wife. Also there is the old music professor, the retired colonel, and the cat.

A very light comedy, pieced together from made situations and synthetic characters. Not an ounce of significance in it. Meant to be mild entertainment for the leftover moments which have to be lived through on summer days. It succeeds in being that.

HELEN EVANS CLARKE

SHORT NOTICES

SOCIAL ETHICS. By J. Messner, J.U.D. 1018 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$10.00. *Social Ethics* offers an extensive study of modern social life from an analysis of man as a social being to a consideration of the ultimate evolution of human sociability into a community of nations. The delicate problem of providing the herded populations of the industrial era with an appropriate dignity of life and of protecting them from the likelihood of mass extinction in modern war has presented specific questions to the moralists of our time which would have been utterly fanciful to the ethical advisers of previous generations. The author, a professor in the University of Vienna, corrals these contemporary social questions and solves them by an application of the changeless principles of the natural law for man.

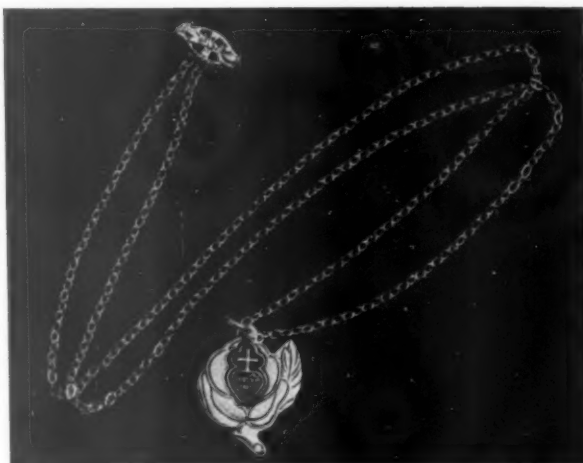
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